



Featuring **THE CADET**

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER



TARGET

COMICS

10¢

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A
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G
E
T



**Buy One of these Bonds
TODAY!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editor's Page

Dear Readers:

America's Fifth War Loan Drive will be under way before you receive this issue of TARGET. Take a good look at the cover, and think how swell it would be for you to get another Bond with your name on it. Hit the bull's-eye with Bonds.

All of you have some partly filled Stamp Books. Why not round them up and add enough new stamps to buy your Bond?

Lots of things are going on right now: School's closing, summer plans are being made, victory gardens being worked. Our first and biggest task this summer is to help win the war. Those victory gardens are mighty important. Don't let hot weather, insects, or laziness keep

you from finishing the good jobs you have started. At school we were reminded, almost every day, of the need for victory gardens and of the importance of saving waste paper, tin cans, fats. During vacation time we have to **remind ourselves** to do all those things which will speed the day of Victory.

Many TARGET readers will be helping on farms this summer. They are serving our country. Give a hand on a farm yourself if there is any possible way to do it.

Have fun, too, in between times. Keep your spirits up and you can do more and better work.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs:

I have just enjoyed the May issue of TARGET COMICS, and I mean *enjoyed*. TARGET COMICS is my favorite comic. I won't start telling you what I do like for it's easier to tell you what I don't like. The only comic strip I don't enjoy very much is 18 Men and a Boat. My favorite comic folks are Speck, Spot and Sis, The Cadet and Dan'l Flannel. The only thing I dislike is that there's no story of a girl heroine. I hope that in the next issue of TARGET COMICS there is a heroine.

A true reader,
Phyllis Schwartz
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thanks a lot. We try to please the majority of readers and we'll keep your thoughts in mind. Everyone doesn't like the same things, though. Read Jerry Fisher's letter. Incidentally, Phyllis, let us have your address so we may send you your War Stamps.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Please not a girl story! The thing I like about TARGET is that no men are flying or anything. Please cut down on that supernatural stuff.

Again, please don't have any Amazon women in TARGET COMICS.

Always a friend,
Jerry Fisher
Cicero, Illinois

Most TARGET readers agree with you, Jerry, that we shouldn't make TAR-

GET a fantastic magazine. About girls' stories, though, there is much difference of opinion.

* * *

Dear Editors:

We have just finished reading the May issue of TARGET COMICS, and I thought it was wonderful. Now I am waiting for the next issue.

My favorite stories are Speck, Spot and Sis, The Cadet and Dan'l Flannel and the Chameleon. I think that you should have another story like Dan'l Flannel.

I go to the Williamson Kennedy School, and we are doing everything we can to help win this war. We collected 4,875 pounds of paper and we are buying War Stamps all the time.

I know you will hardly have time to read my letter, but I hope you have time to read most of it. I would like to be a Marine when I grow up.

Sincerely,
Donald Allen
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

On the contrary, Donald. We read every letter that is received, for the readers' suggestions are excellent and often help to improve TARGET.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the May issue of TARGET, and it was very good, but you could make it even better if

you put a story about the Marines in it. Seven other boys and myself have a club called the "Junior Marines." Our motto is "Always Ready," as the Marines' is "Always Faithful." We have collected 1500 pounds of paper, 600 pounds of scrap metal, and a lot of old clothes, which we sold and gave the money to the Red Cross. We gave them all we made, which was \$42.00, and didn't keep any for ourselves. So in that way we did two good jobs: first we helped the scrap drive and second we helped the Red Cross.

So you can easily see why I want something about the Marines in your book. Why don't you give them a chance because they are a REALLY GOOD OUTFIT. Don't you think so? I am sure it would help your book a lot. But when you put them in, start with them in Boot Camp and then have them sent overseas to Guadalcanal, Bataan, or some place like that, and let them do some FIGHTING. My favorites are The Cadet; Speck, Spot and Sis; and Dan'l Flannel. The Chameleon is a lot better now, but as for the others—PHOOEY!

Please try and get some really good stories about the Marines and you will have a really good book.

Yours for better reading,
Irvine Lignon, Jr.
Richmond, Va.

Of course, the Marines are a really good outfit, and TARGET is now on the lookout for some really good stories about the Marines.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 111 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

The CADET



THAT STUFF'S
REALLY POWERFUL,
KIT!

BAM!

KIT CARTER ISN'T ONE FOR
BREAKING RULES, BUT HERE'S A RULE
KIT BROKE UNKNOWNINGLY-AND IT TOOK
A NEAR TRAGEDY TO GET HIM OUT OF
IT--- BUT LET'S BEGIN AT THE
BEGINNING.....

KIT AND DAN MERRY ATTEND
THE LAST IN A SERIES OF
LECTURES ON EXPLOSIVES...

SO YOU SEE, BOYS, WHY
NITROGLYCERIN IS A VERY
TOUCHY EXPLOSIVE TO
HANDLE- IN FACT, MANY
COUNTRIES PROHIBITED ITS
MANUFACTURE UNTIL---

-IN 1886, ALFRED NOBEL MIXED
IT WITH FLOUR, SAWDUST-
CHARCOAL AND OTHER POROUS
MATERIALS. HE CALLED IT
DYNAMITE AND IT PROVED
A SAFER EXPLOSIVE TO
HANDLE---

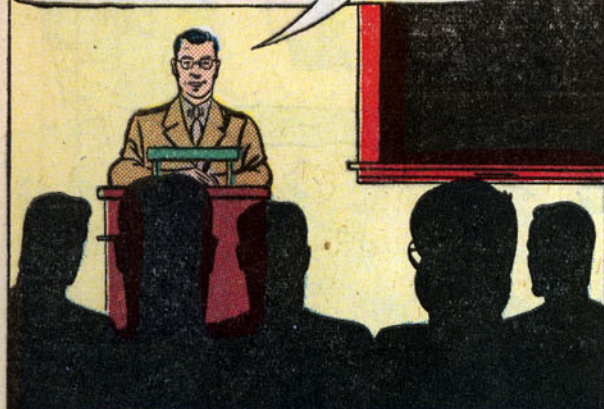
-DYNAMITE IS IGNITED BY
INSERTING A METAL CAP
INTO THE STICK AND CAUSING
IT TO SPARK BY A FUSE OR
AN ELECTRIC SHOCK- IT
CAN BE CONTROLLED
ACCORDING TO THE DEGREE
OF BLAST NEEDED FOR A
PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

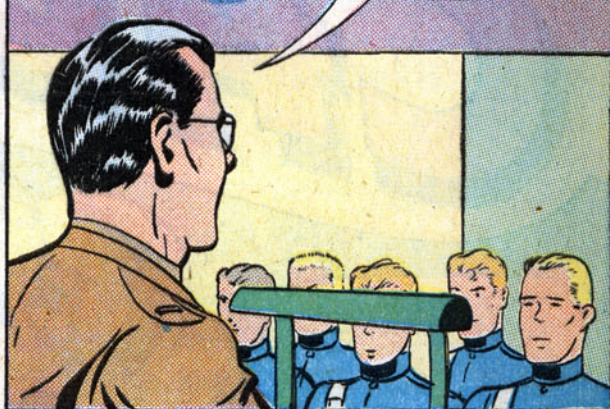
Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

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I THINK THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY, BOYS- I HOPE I'VE GIVEN YOU A PRETTY GOOD IDEA AS TO HOW EXPLOSIVES WORK, AND THEIR EFFECT IN THE PRESENT WAR- THE MOST POWERFUL SINGLE EXPLODING FORCE WE HAVE TODAY IS THE "BLOCK-BUSTER"--



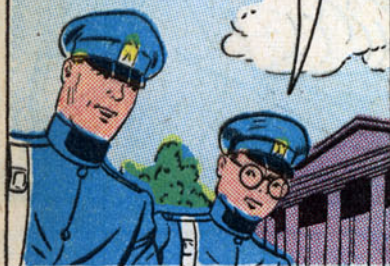
WHOSE DETONATION CAUSES COMPLETE DESTRUCTION FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS IN EVERY DIRECTION FROM THE POINT OF CONTACT- BUT WHO KNOWS-? PERHAPS WE'LL SOON HAVE A BETTER, MORE COMPACT EXPLOSIVE THAN THAT!



AFTER THE LECTURE.....

SAY! THAT'S REALLY SOMETHING- IMAGINE LEVELLING A WHOLE BLOCK WITH ONE BOMB! I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT!

NOT ME, PAL! I'D RATHER READ ABOUT THE BOX SCORE FROM BERLIN!



I'LL BET THE PROF WAS RIGHT! SOON THEY'LL HAVE A BIGGER BLOCK-BUSTER THAN THEY HAVE NOW!

YOU MEAN A "CITY-BUSTER" INSTEAD OF A BLOCK BUSTER?



WELL- SOMETHING ON THAT ORDER---

WHEN THEY GET IT- I HOPE THEY DUMP IT RIGHT ON ADOLF!



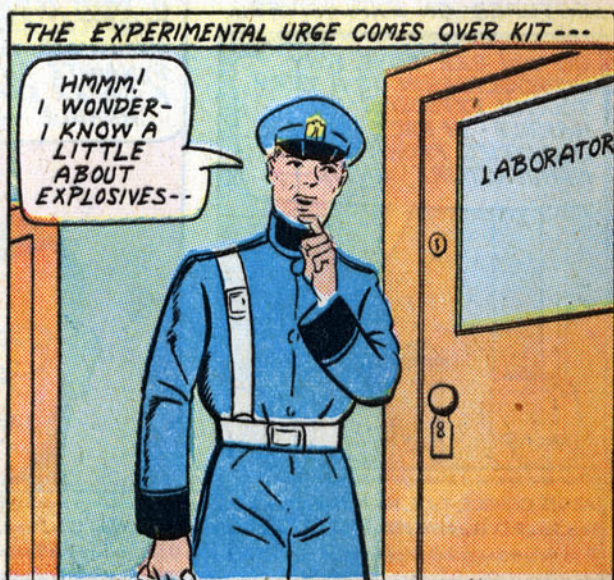
WELL- I GOT A MATH CLASS NOW- IF YOU RUN ACROSS ANY OF THAT HIGH EXPLOSIVE, LET ME KNOW- MY RAIN COAT ZIPPER IS JAMMED!

O.K., WISE GUY- SEE YOU LATER-



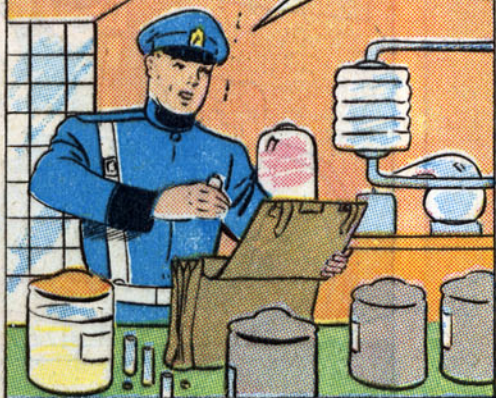
THE EXPERIMENTAL URGE COMES OVER KIT---

HMMM! I WONDER- I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT EXPLOSIVES--



FORGETTING
THE RULE
WHICH
FORBIDS
THE
REMOVAL
OF
MATERIAL
FROM
THE
LABORATORY-
KIT
ENTERS,
AND
FILLS
SEVERAL
SMALL
BOTTLES
WITH
CHEMICALS...

NOW LET'S SEE- I'LL NEED SOME
PHENOL, GLYCERIN, SULPHURIC
ACID, NITRIC ACID- GLYCERYL TRI-
NITRATE- SOME ACETONE- CHAR-
COAL-- THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH...

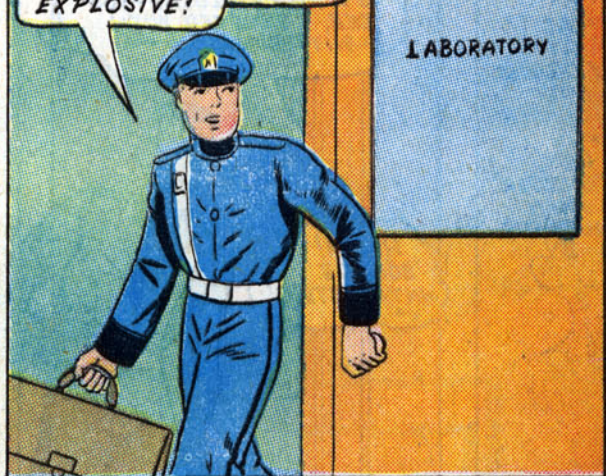


-I'LL NEED
SOME TEST
TUBES - A RETORT-
AND A RACK---

I HAVE A BUNSEN BURNER IN MY ROOM-
I GUESS I'M SET- THIS STUFF SHOULD
FIT INTO MY BRIEF CASE ALL RIGHT--

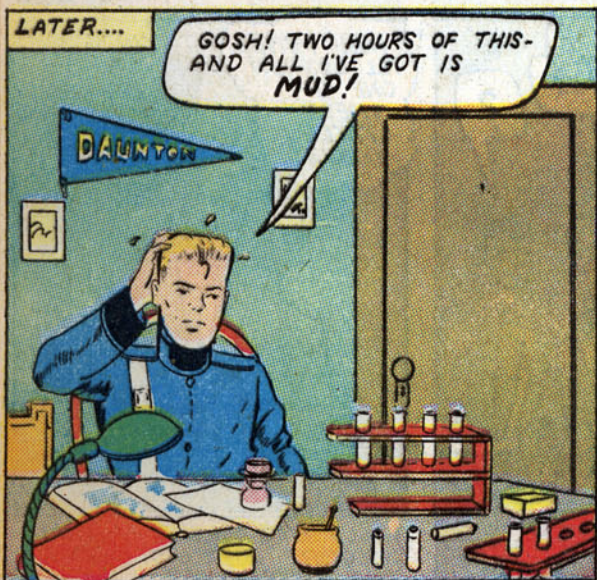


NOW- TO GET BACK TO
MY ROOM AND- MAYBE
I'LL DISCOVER A NEW
EXPLOSIVE!

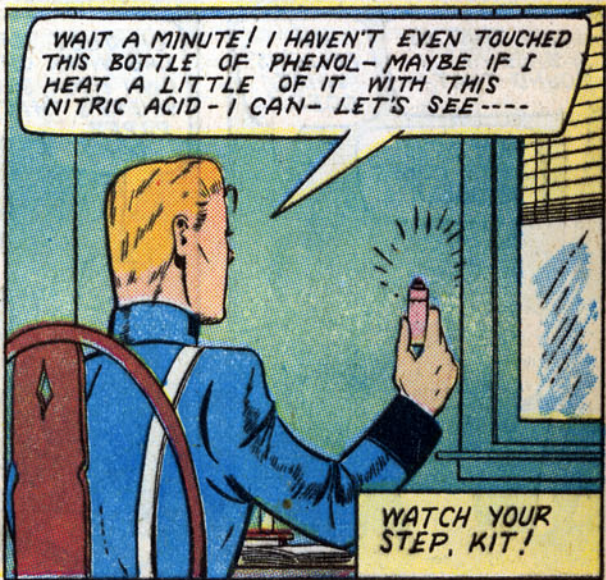


LATER....

GOSH! TWO HOURS OF THIS-
AND ALL I'VE GOT IS
MUD!

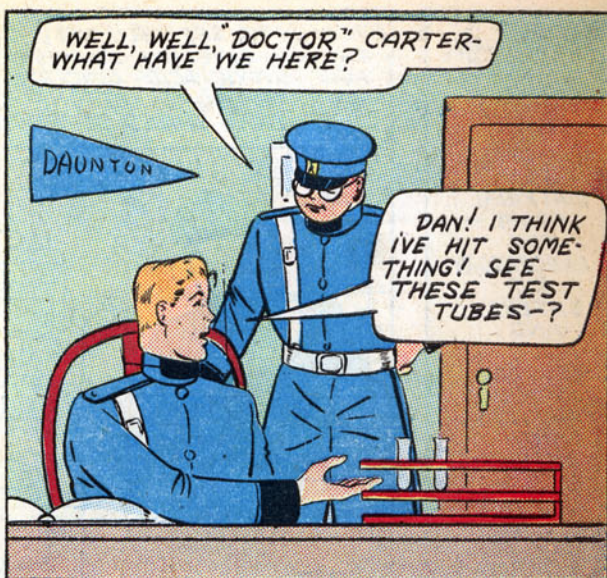
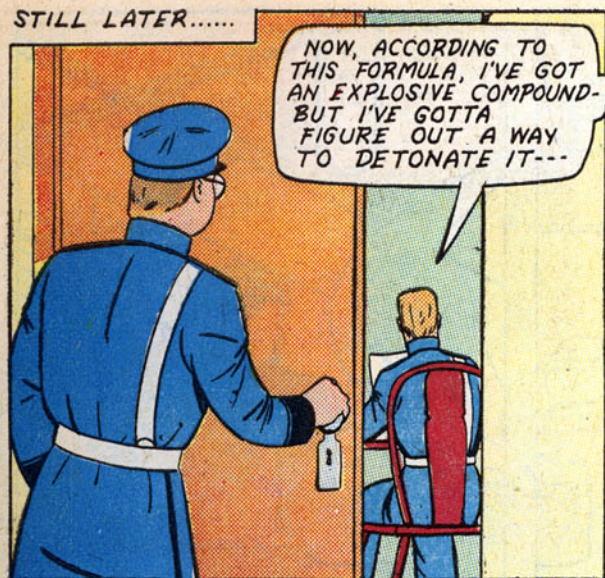


WAIT A MINUTE! I HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED
THIS BOTTLE OF PHENOL- MAYBE IF I
HEAT A LITTLE OF IT WITH THIS
NITRIC ACID- I CAN- LET'S SEE----

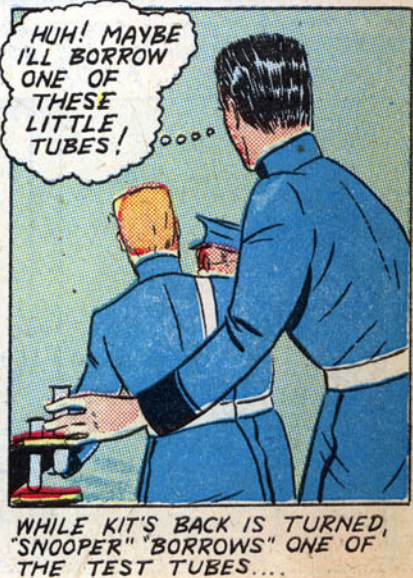
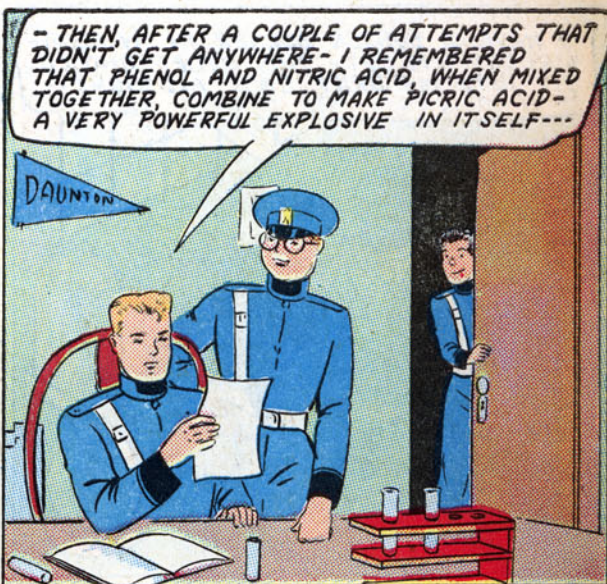
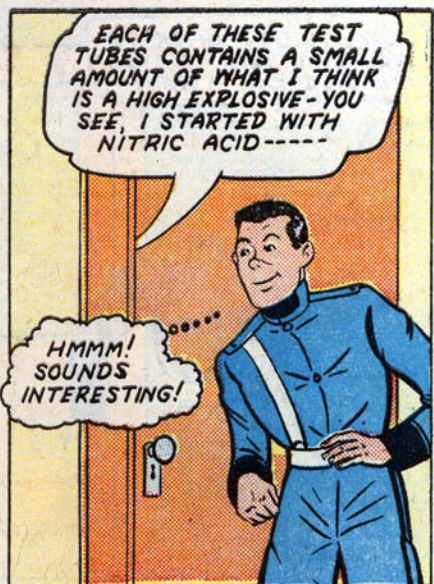


WATCH YOUR
STEP, KIT!

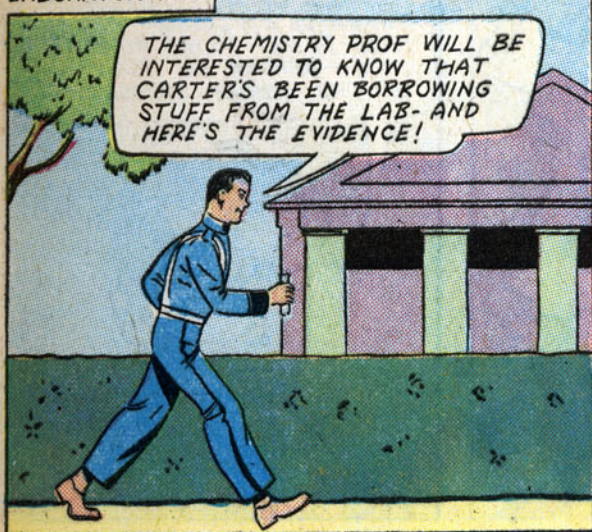
STILL LATER.....



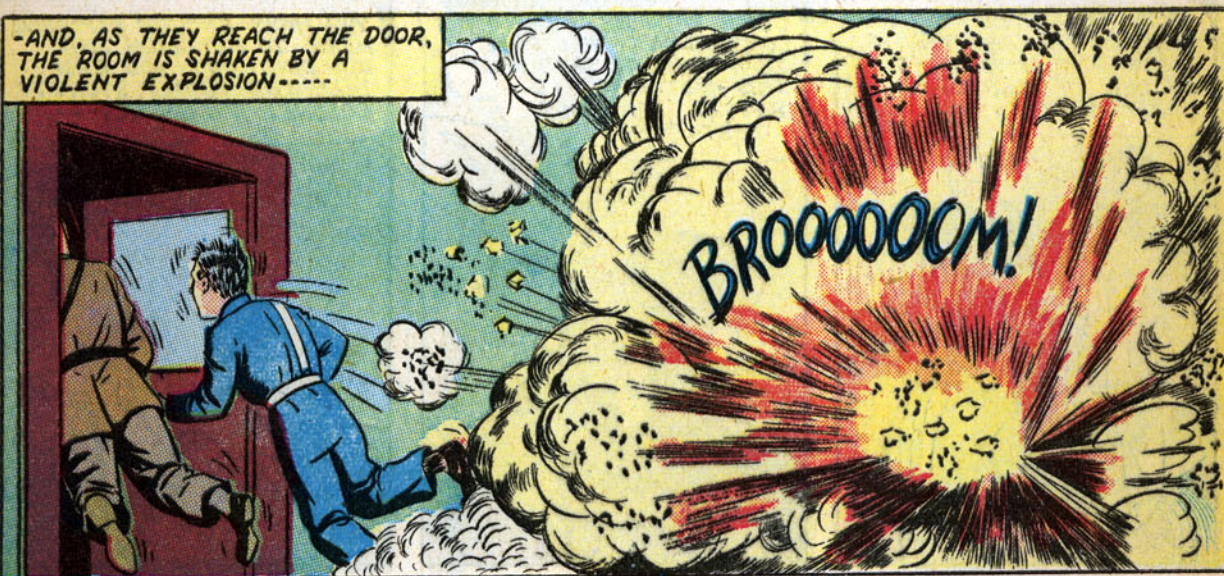
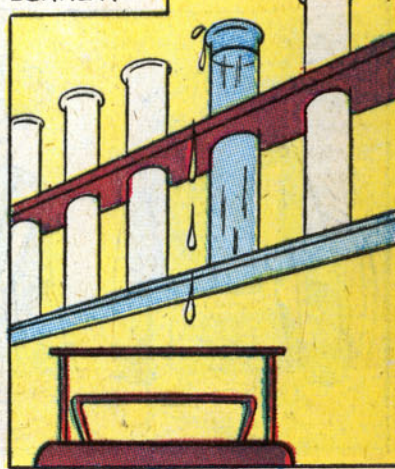
AS KIT EXPLAINS HIS FORMULA TO DAN, "SNOOPER" RYAN HAPPENS BY...

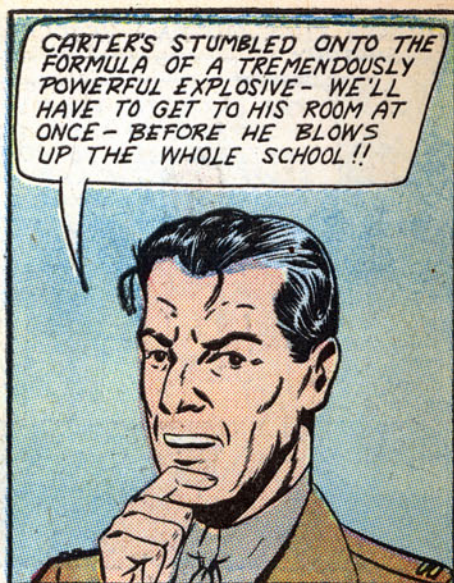
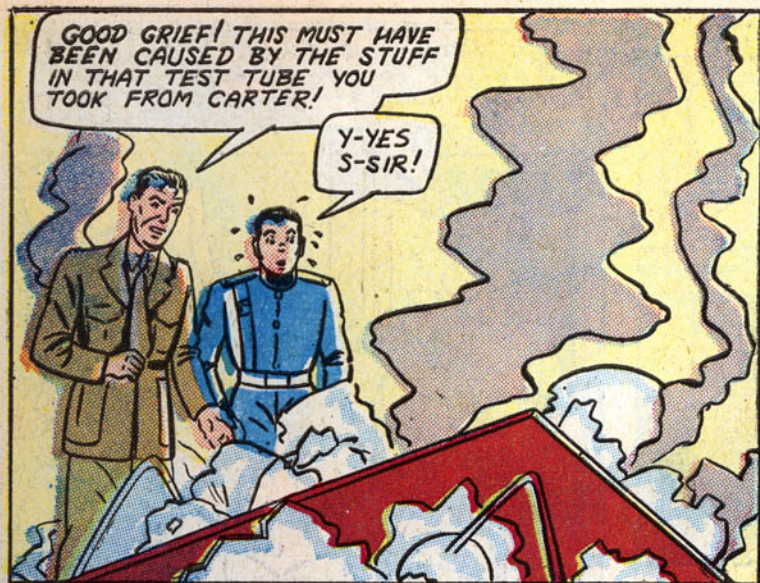


SNOOPER SLIPS OUT AND HEADS FOR THE LABORATORY.....



SNOOPER PLACES THE TEST TUBE IN THE RACK- BUT A FEW DROPS SPILL ONTO THE TOP OF A STILL-HOT BUNSEN BURNER---

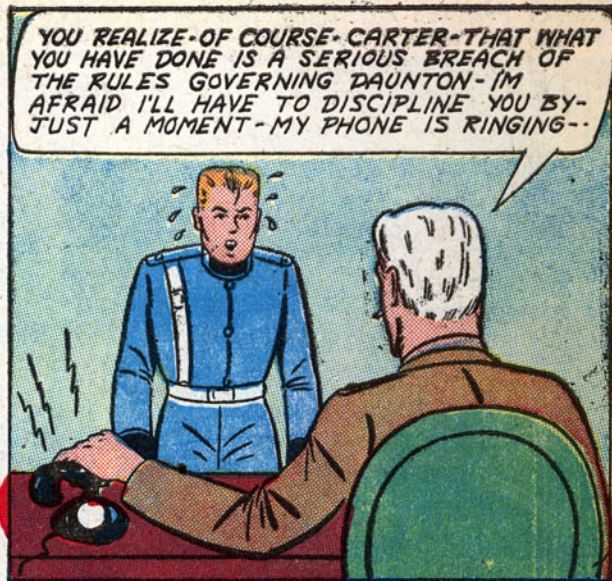




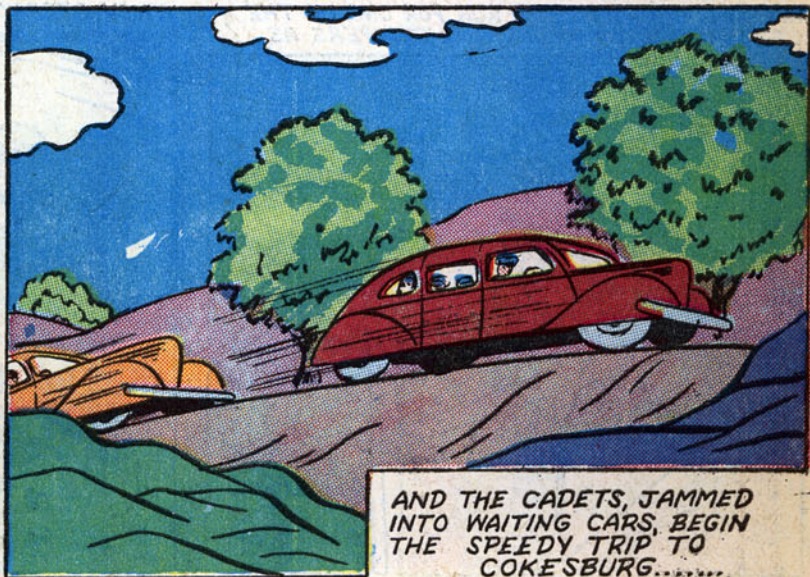
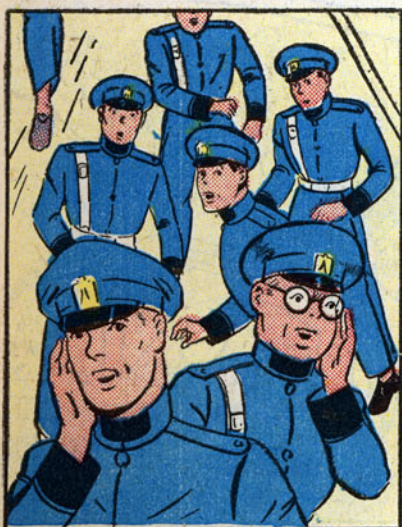
MEANWHILE - IN KIT'S ROOM---



IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE--



KIT AND DAN SPREAD THE WORD ON THE CAMPUS.....



FORTY MINUTES LATER THEY ARE BACK AT THE MINE....

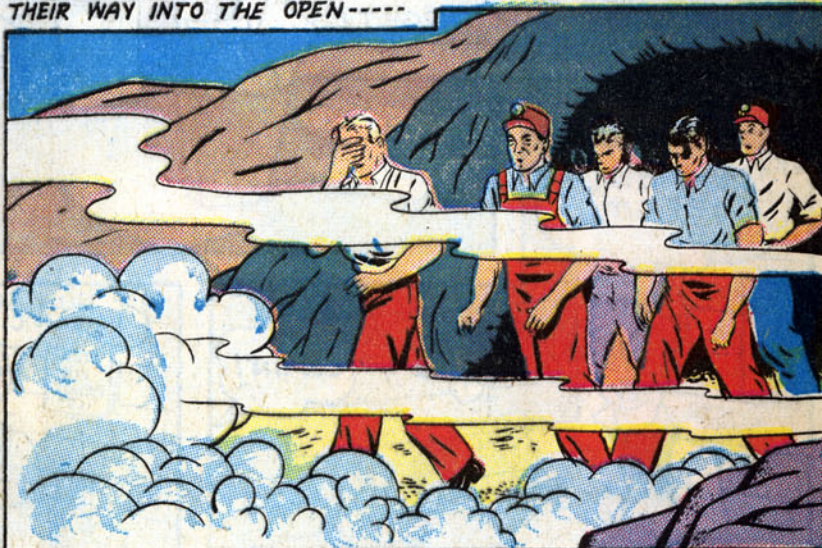
HERE YOU ARE, SIR! THE EXPLOSIVE'S IN THREE BOTTLES INSIDE THIS PIPE! I PUT A FUSE THROUGH THE FIRST CORK- WE CAN BURY THE PIPE IN THE ROCK AND LIGHT THE FUSE RIGHT AWAY!

GOOD! BUT HURRY!

-BY TAPPING SIGNALS- THE TRAPPED MEN HAVE BEEN TOLD TO KEEP CLEAR OF THE ENTRANCE, AND KIT LIGHTS THE FUSE.....

TWENTY SECONDS LATER....

MINUTES PASS-- THEN-- THE FIRST OF THE ENTOMBED MEN GROPE THEIR WAY INTO THE OPEN-----



WE DID IT! AND ALL THE CREDIT GOES TO YOU, CARTER!

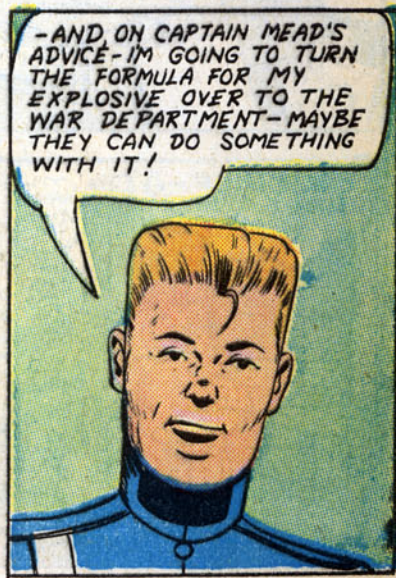
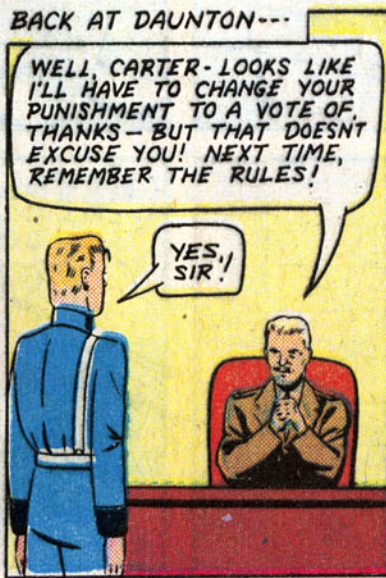
THANK YOU, SIR!

BACK AT DAUNTON---

WELL, CARTER- LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR PUNISHMENT TO A VOTE OF THANKS- BUT THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOU! NEXT TIME, REMEMBER THE RULES!

YES, SIR!

-AND ON CAPTAIN MEAD'S ADVICE- I'M GOING TO TURN THE FORMULA FOR MY EXPLOSIVE OVER TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT- MAYBE THEY CAN DO SOMETHING WITH IT!



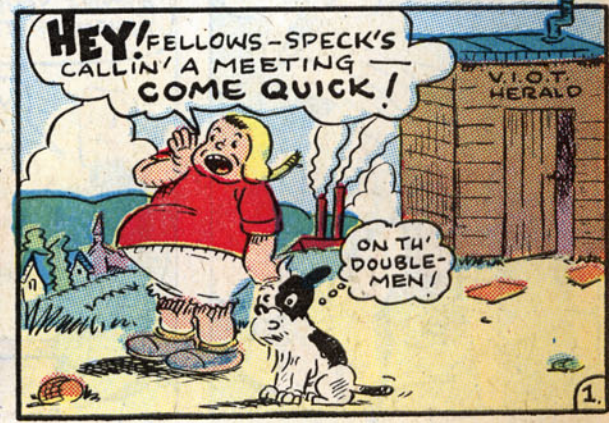
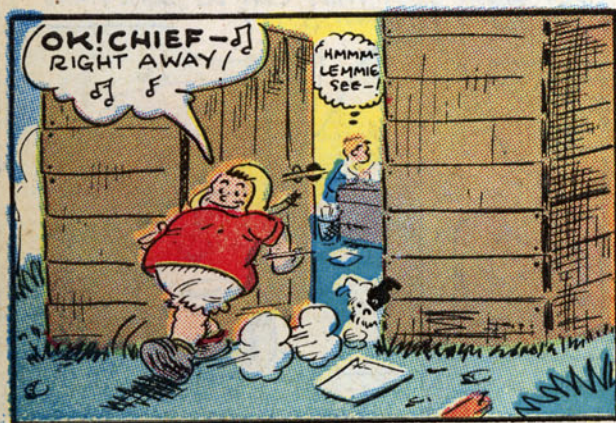
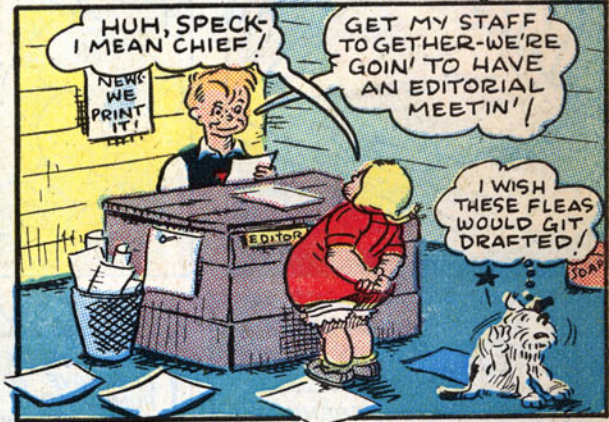
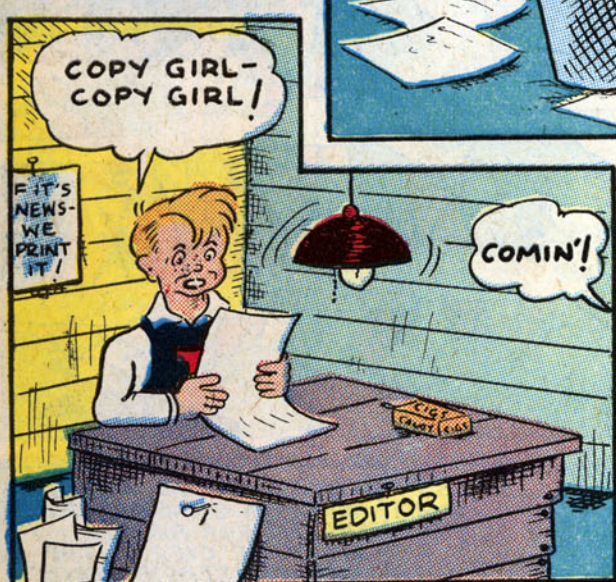
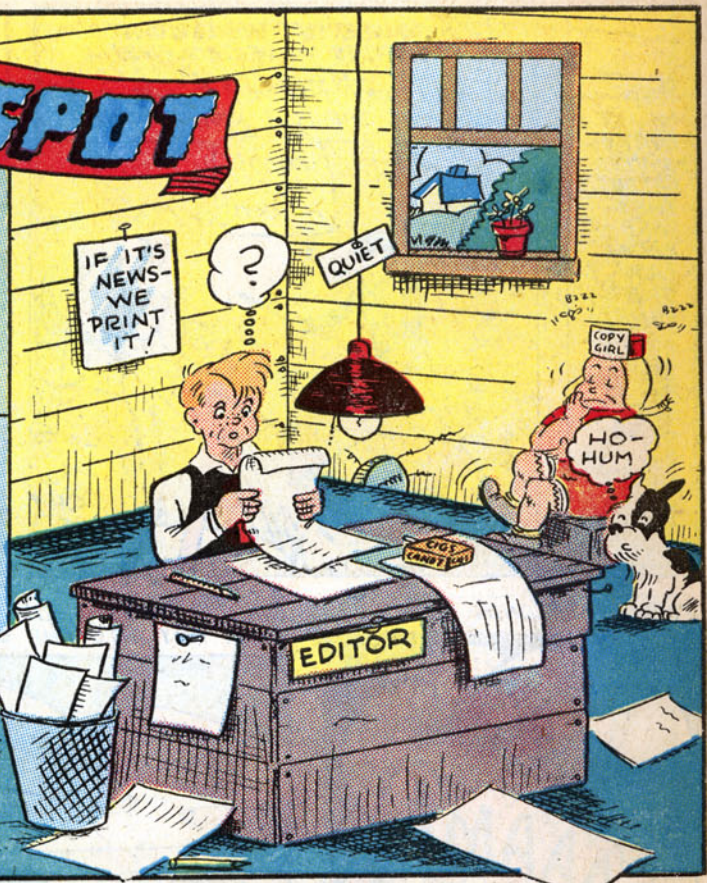
SPECK SPOT

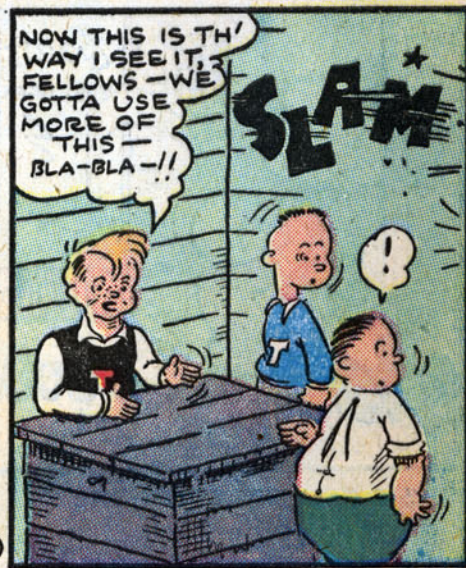
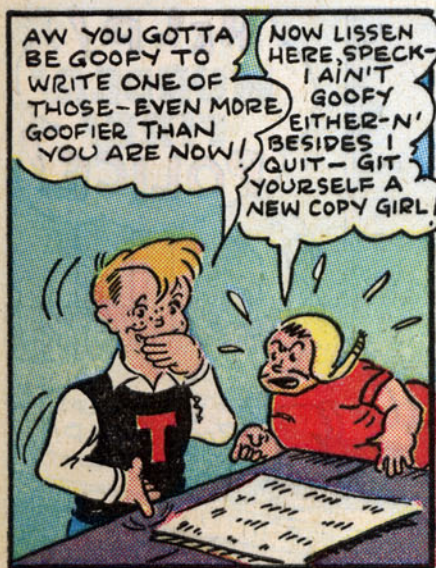
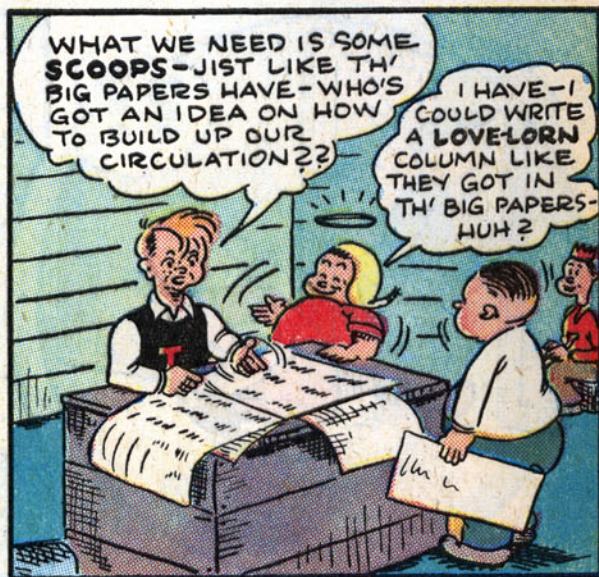
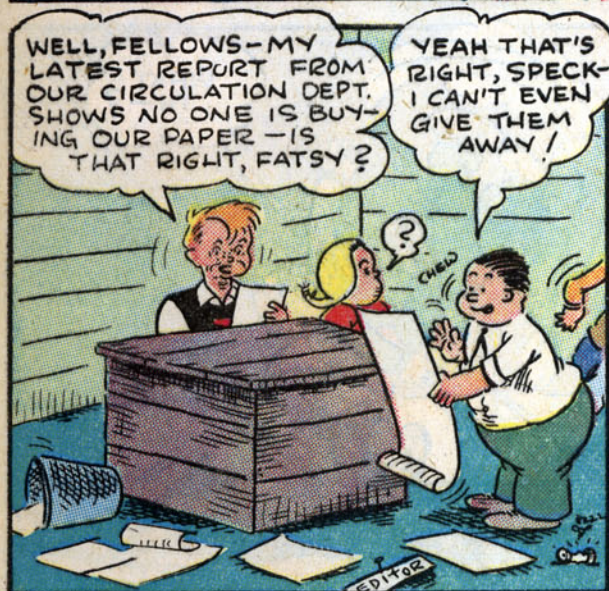
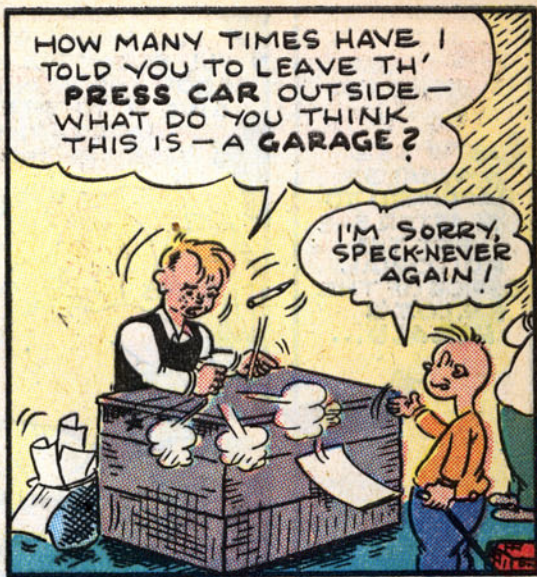
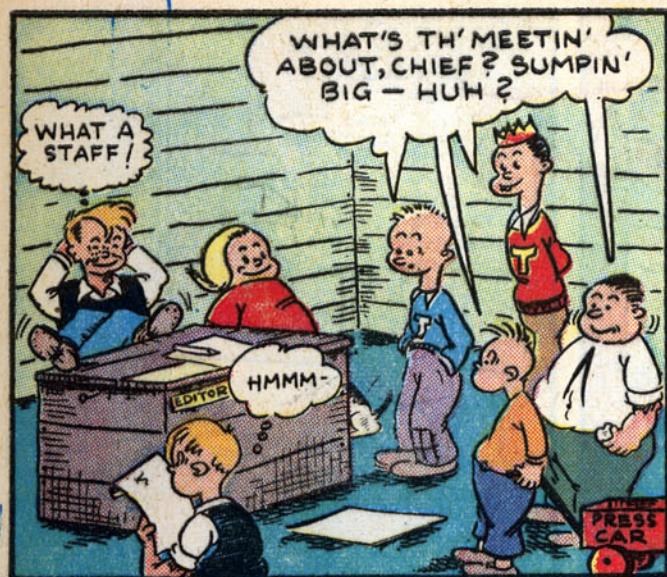
and SIS..

by MILT HAMMER.

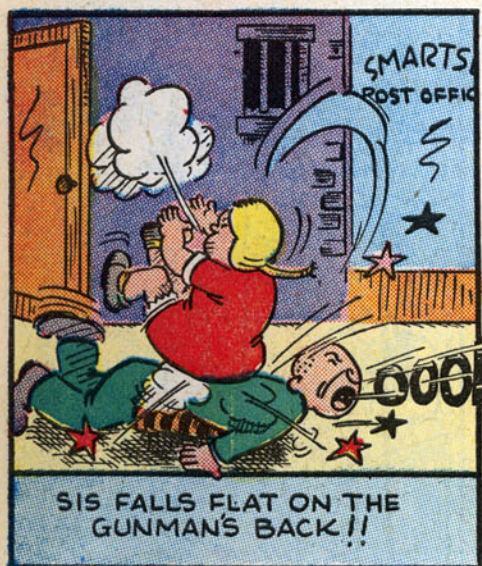
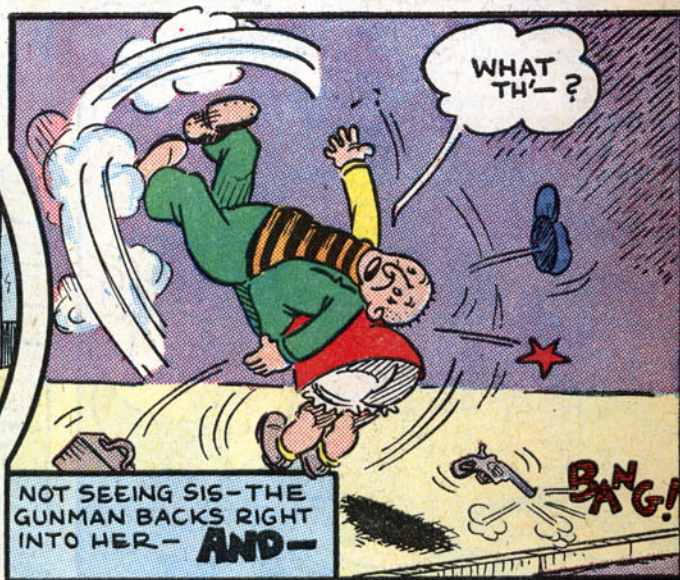
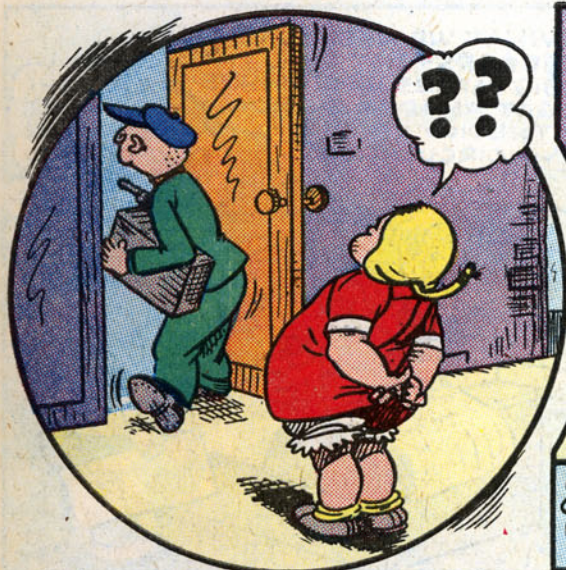
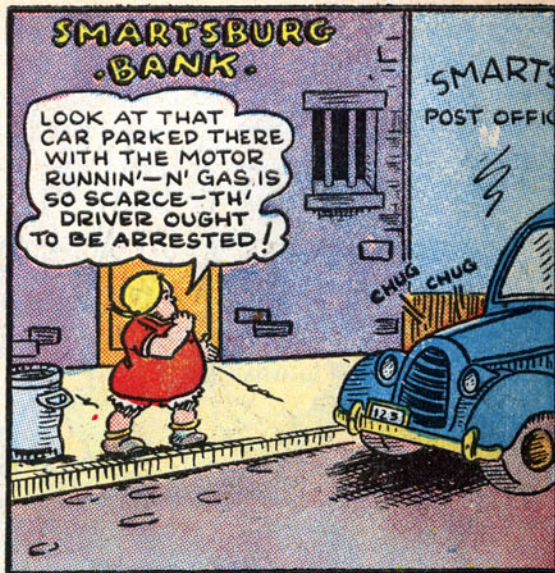
SPECKSIS AND THE *V.I.O.T.'S HAVE STARTED THEIR OWN MONTHLY NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS-PAPER AND AS WE LOOK IN TO-DAY WE FIND THE EDITOR A VERY BUSY MAN!! (WE SHOULD HAVE SAID BOY).

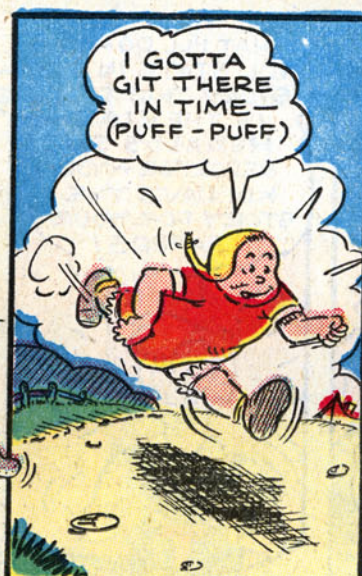
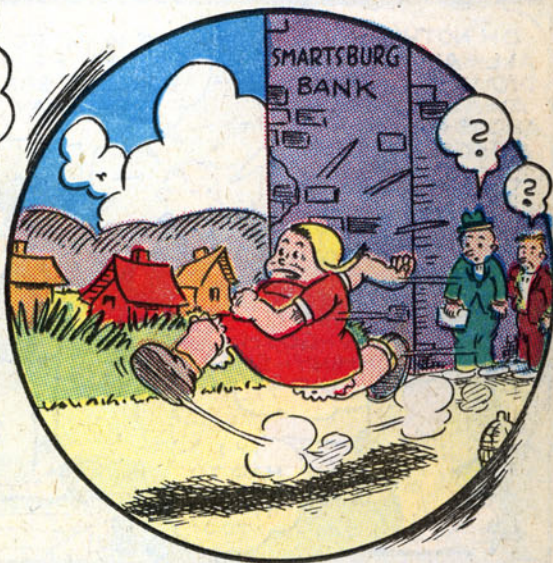
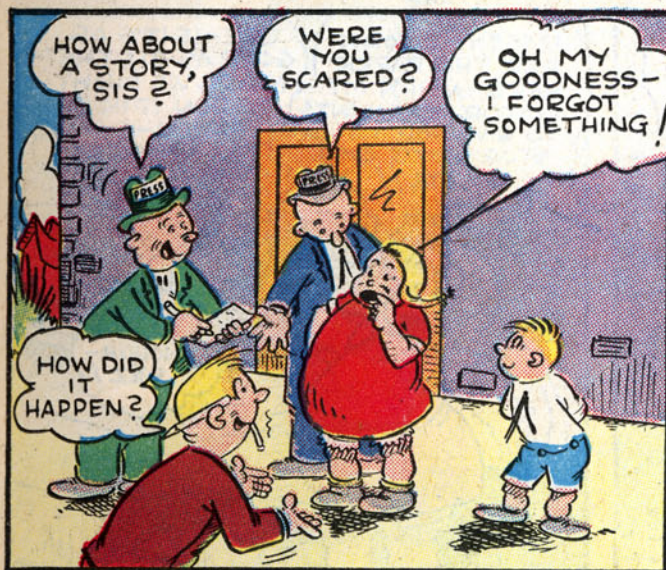
*VICTORY IS OUR TARGET!

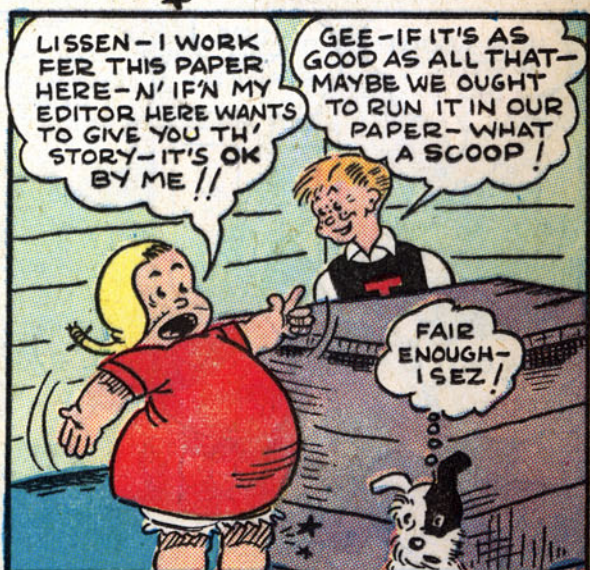
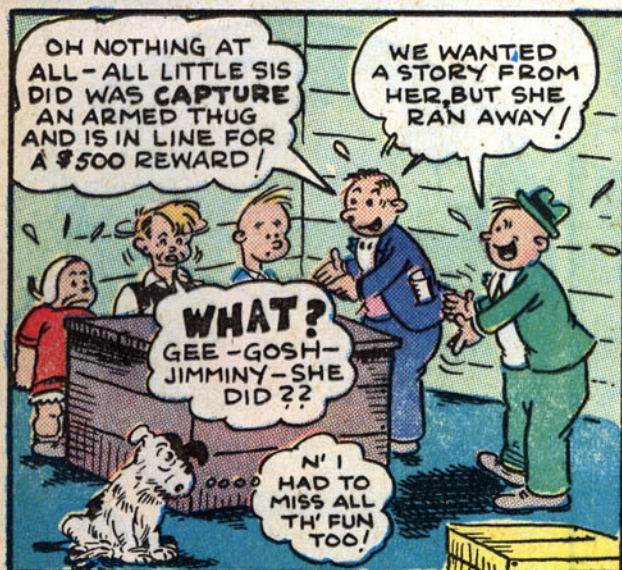
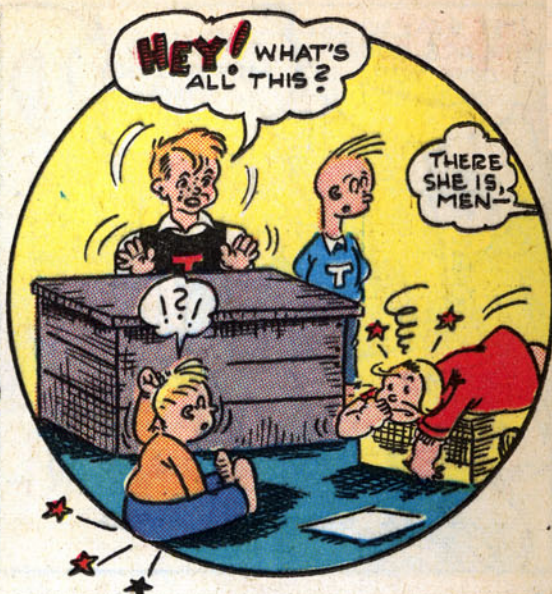
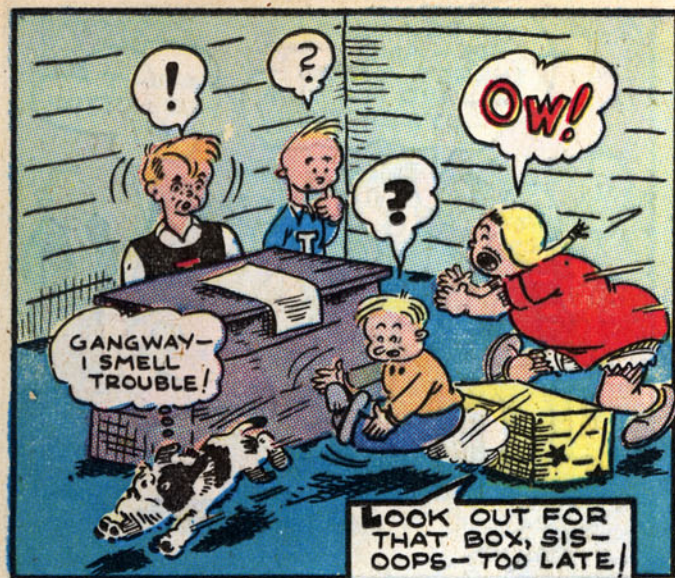




LET'S SEE
WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
SIS AFTER SHE
LEFT THE
EDITORIAL
OFFICE OF THE
V.I.O.T.'S
HERALD...







THE TARGET

and the TARGETEERS



NILES REED, THE TARGET, SETS OUT ON A FRIENDLY MISSION ONLY TO FIND HIS HANDS FULL OF JAPS. HOWEVER, DAVE AND TOMMY REFUSE TO BE LEFT BEHIND AND TURN UP JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE NIPS NAPPING AND TURN THE TIDE.

AT A UNITED STATES AIR BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC . . .

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE OLD MAN WANTS, NILES?

MAYBE WE'VE FINALLY GOT NEW ORDERS FROM HOME -- WE'LL SEE!

BRIEFING OFFICE
U.S.A.A.F.

NILES, DAVE, AND TOMMY ENTER THE BRIEFING OFFICE.

YOU WANTED TO SEE US, GENERAL?

YES, MR. REED--I REALIZE THAT, AS A CIVILIAN OBSERVER, YOU HAVE NO ACTIVE INTEREST IN MILITARY ACTIVITIES--HOWEVER, I HAVE JUST RECEIVED SOME NEWS THAT WILL INTEREST YOU!

CAPTAIN GREG RANDOLPH REPORTED THAT HIS FLYING FORTRESS CRASH-LANDED ON THIS SMALL ISLAND!

GREG RANDOLPH! WHY WE WENT TO COLLEGE TOGETHER...

I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I TOLD YOU. WE'RE SENDING A PLANE WITH FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES THIS MORNING.

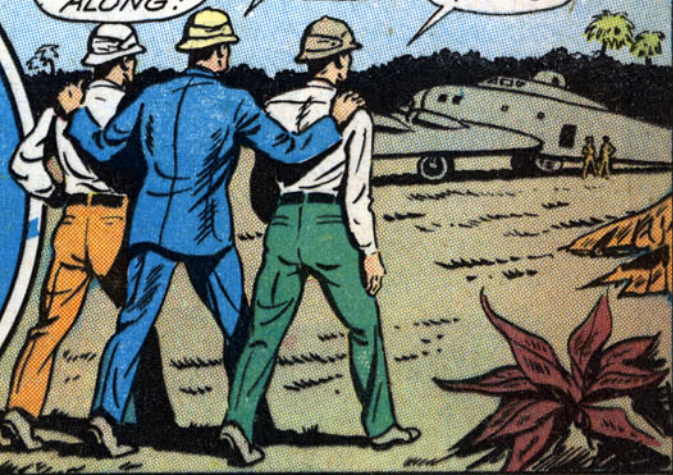
SIR, WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO GO ALONG?

YES, YOU MAY GO, BUT YOUR FRIENDS WILL HAVE TO REMAIN AT THE BASE! THE PLANE LEAVES AT 1100... BETTER GET READY!

A SHORT TIME LATER--

GOSH, I'M SORRY YOU FELLOWS CAN'T COME ALONG!

WE WOULDN'T BE MUCH HELP, NILES.



THERE THEY GO... I HOPE THEY CAN FIND THAT ISLAND!

YEAH! IT'LL BE KINDA LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

4 HOURS LATER-- IN THE PLANE ...

HOW IS IT GOING, LIEUTENANT?

WE SHOULD BE OVER THE ISLAND IN TWO MINUTES ... I HOPE!

TWO MINUTES PASS.

THAT'S NICE NAVIGATING, LIEUTENANT! THERE THEY ARE!

YIPEE! THEY'VE FOUND US!

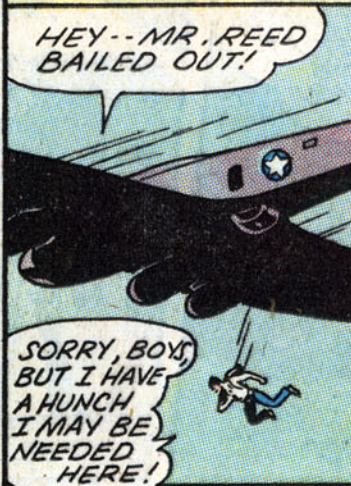


EMERGENCY KITS ARE DROPPED BY CHUTE TO THE LONELY ISLAND!



THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM UNTIL THE NAVY ARRIVES!

SUDDENLY, A HUMAN FORM PLUMMETS OUT OF THE PLANE!



HEY--MR. REED BAILED OUT!

SORRY, BOYS, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH I MAY BE NEEDED HERE!



NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW! THERE'S NO PLACE TO LAND DOWN THERE WITHOUT CRACKING UP! BUT, THE C.O. WILL HAVE OUR HIDES FOR THIS!

NILES LANDS!

HE PARACHUTED FROM THE RESCUE PLANE!

RIGHT IN THE DRINK!



HELP HIM ASHORE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST A LITTLE DAMP! WHERE'S CAPTAIN RANDOLPH?



IN THE PLANE -- HE WAS HURT IN THE LANDING!

INSIDE THE FLYING FORTRESS--

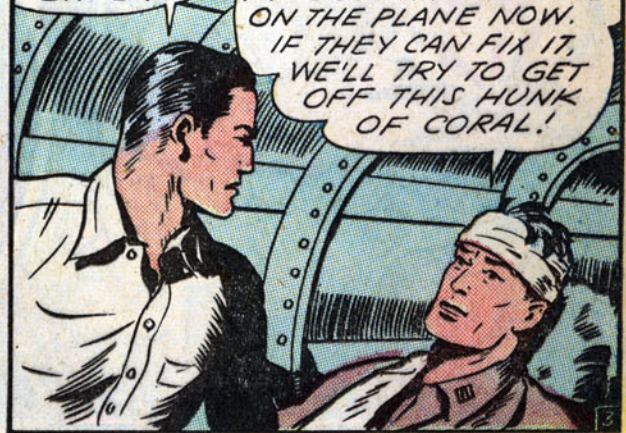
HI, GREG-- GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE TAKING A REST! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

NILES REED! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



I JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE HOW THINGS WERE HERE-- WHAT IS THE SET-UP, GREG?

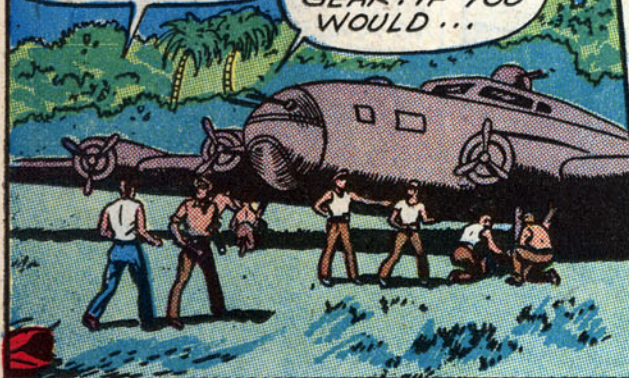
WELL, I'M BANGED UP A BIT-- NOTHING SERIOUS. NO ONE ELSE WAS HURT! THE BOYS ARE WORKING ON THE PLANE NOW. IF THEY CAN FIX IT, WE'LL TRY TO GET OFF THIS HUNK OF CORAL!



**NILES LEAVES HIS FRIEND TO HELP THE
FORTRESS' CREW.**

WHAT CAN I DO
TO HELP, BOYS?
I'M NILES REED--
AN OLD AVIATOR!

GOOD--WE'RE
TRYING TO JACK
UP THE PLANE SO
WE CAN GET AT
THE LANDING
GEAR. IF YOU
WOULD...



SUDDENLY --

A JAP DESTROYER
BEARING DOWN ON
US FROM THE
EAST!

UH-OH!
TROUBLE!



**THE MAROONED PARTY IS SPOTTED
FROM THE DESTROYER AND --**

THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
WE'RE BEING SHELLED!



**THE LITTLE GROUP SEEKS SHELTER
IN THE DENSE JUNGLE.**

I DIDN'T
COUNT ON ANY
JAP SHIPS
BEING AROUND
HERE!

THIS DENSE FOLIAGE
WILL GIVE US SOME
PROTECTION --
HURRY!

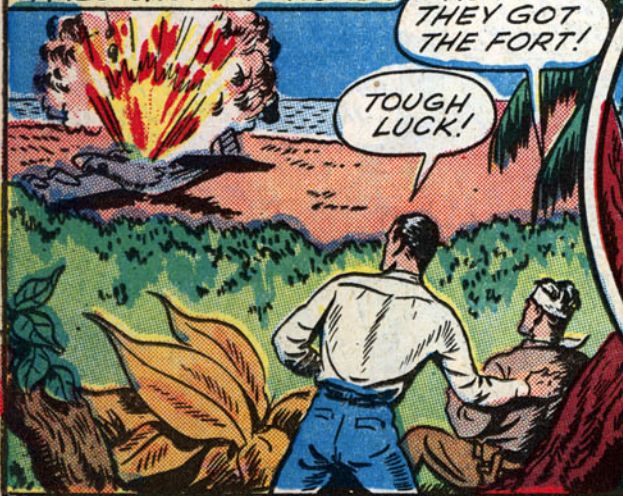


LOOK! THEY'RE SENDING
IN A SHORE PARTY!

**NILES AND GREG WATCH FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS A WELL-
AIMED SHOT HITS HOME!**

HEY!
THEY GOT
THE FORT!

TOUGH
LUCK!



SEE THAT THE MEN
HAVE ARMS AND
AMMUNITION, LIEUTEN-
ANT! WE CAN PUT
UP A FIGHT!

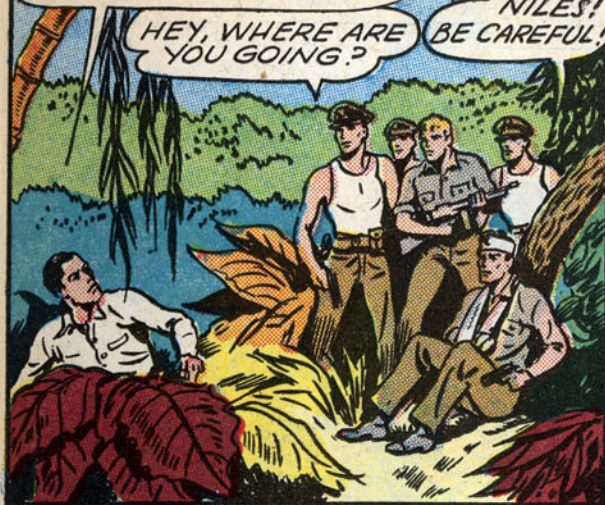
YES, SIR!



WAIT--DON'T START ANYTHING
UNTIL I SIGNAL YOU!

OKAY,
NILES!
BE CAREFUL!

HEY, WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?



MINUTES LATER, THE JAPANESE
BEACH THEIR LANDING BOAT!

YOSHURA, YOU COVER
US WITH MACHINE
GUN! REST
ADVANCE!
GO!

YESS,
HONORABLE
SIR!



THE LONE JAP REMAINS ON GUARD, HIS
EYES INTENT ON THE BEACH...

THAT'S A GOOD BOY--
YOU GO RIGHT ON
OBEYING ORDERS
FOR ANOTHER
MINUTE!



NILES ATTACKS SWIFTLY,
SILENTLY!

UHH-H!

O.K., NIP-- START
NAPPING!



THEN, TAKING OVER THE GUN, NILES
OPENS FIRE!

AHEEE!

AGRHH!

MADE IN JAPAN,
MONKEYS --
JUST FOR YOU!



THAT'S NILES'
SIGNAL --
GIVE IT TO
'EM, BOYS!

WHAT A MAN!
HE'S GOT
THEIR
GUN!

THIS
IS LIKE
SHOOTING
CLAY
PIGEONS!



VICTORY TO THE AMERICANS!

WHEE!
HURRY!

THREE CHEERS
FOR REED!

NICE WORK,
NILES.

YEAH--IF
THOSE GUYS
ON THE
DESTROYER
AREN'T
WISE TO
WHAT
HAPPENED!



BUT, THE BATTLE IS NOT OVER YET!
A SHRILL WHINE FILLS THE AIR AND
ANOTHER SHELL BURSTS ON THE
BEACH!

TAKE COVER--
THEY'RE
AIMING AT
US AGAIN!

GUESS WE
DIDN'T FOOL
THEM, AFTER
ALL!

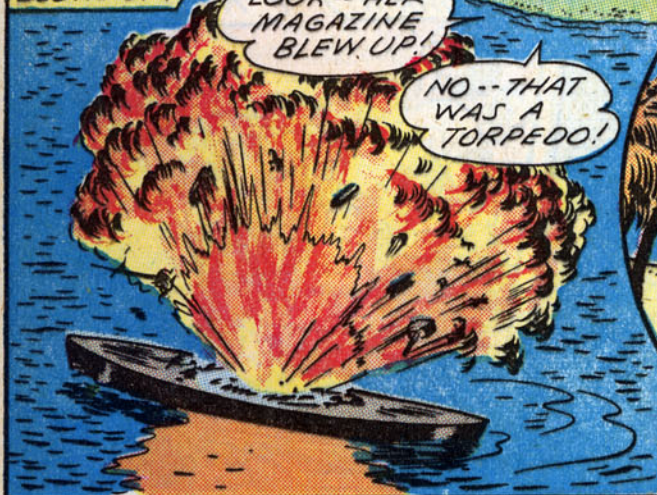
WE HAVEN'T
MUCH CHANCE,
BOYS-- THEY'LL
BLAST THIS PLACE
UNTIL THEY GET
US!



**HOWEVER, BEFORE THE JAPS CAN FIRE
ANOTHER SHELL, THE DESTROYER
BLOWS UP!**

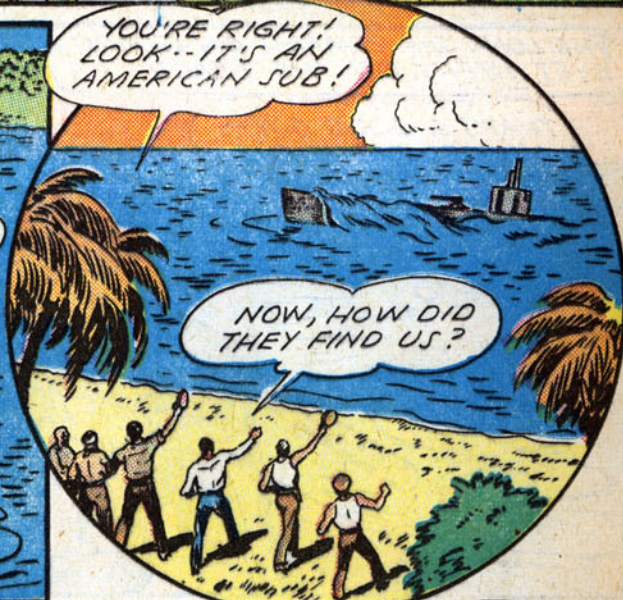
LOOK-- HER
MAGAZINE
BLEW UP!

NO-- THAT
WAS A
TORPEDO!



YOU'RE RIGHT!
LOOK-- IT'S AN
AMERICAN SUB!

NOW, HOW DID
THEY FIND US?



DAVE! TOM!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE!

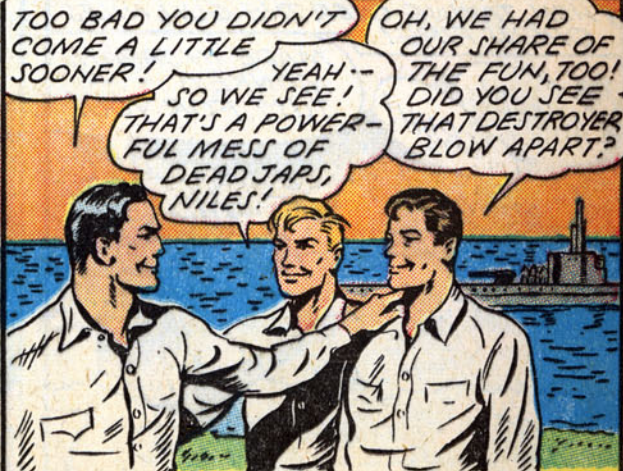
WE FIGURED YOU'D
RUN INTO TROUBLE
WITHOUT US-- AND
WE DIDN'T WANT
TO MISS A FIGHT!



TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T
COME A LITTLE
SOONER!

YEAH--
SO WE SEE!
THAT'S A POWER-
FUL MESS OF
DEAD JAPS,
NILES!

OH, WE HAD
OUR SHARE OF
THE FUN, TOO!
DID YOU SEE
THAT DESTROYER
BLOW APART?

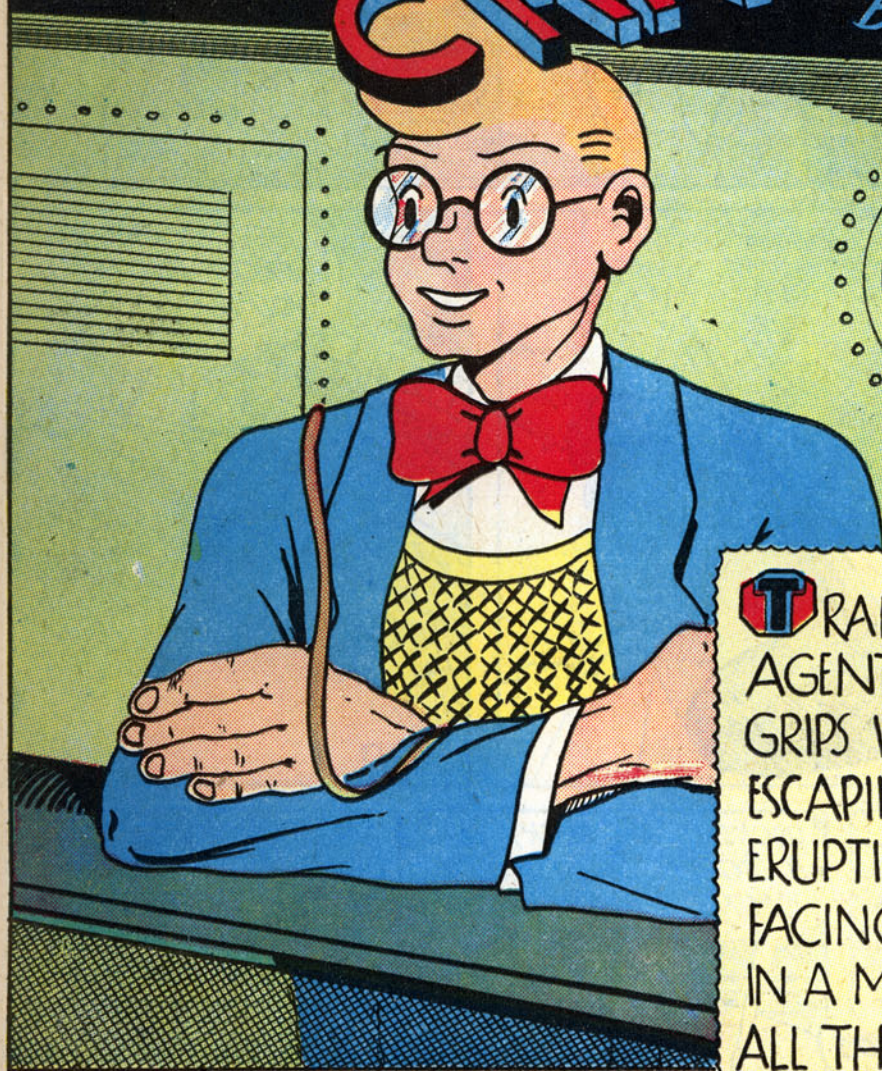


**THE JAPS ARE ON THE RUN! KEEP
'EM THAT WAY! BUY WAR
BONDS AND STAMPS!**

CANDID

CHARLIE

By
B. Gordon Guth



TRAPPING ENEMY AGENTS, COMING TO GRIPS WITH BANDITS, ESCAPING A VOLCANIC ERUPTION, AND FACING A MAD BULL IN A MEXICAN ARENA. ALL THESE ADVENTURES ARE JUST A MEMORY AS CHARLIE STARTS HIS VOYAGE HOME.

IN A CABIN ON THE SHIP.

IT IS HIM! HE IS ON THIS BOAT.



SHIP NEWS

111 MILES
Amongst our more prominent passengers we have with us that wizard of the lens, CANDID CHARLE. recently rewarded by the Mexican Gov. He is

THEES WILL BE WONDERFUL! HE WILL GIVE HIS LIFE FOR OUR CAUSE, AND WE WILL LIVE TO SERVE AGAIN!

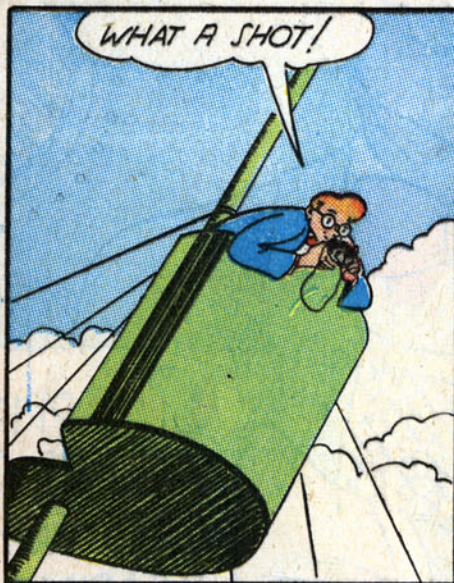
IT IS GOOD, NEXT TIME WE MIGHT NOT BE SO LUCKY TO FIND SUCH A PERSON TO DO OUR WORK.



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THESE BOYS. THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD. IN THE MEAN-TIME CHARLIE IS AT IT AGAIN TAKING PICTURES IN THE CROW'S NEST.



WHAT A SHOT!

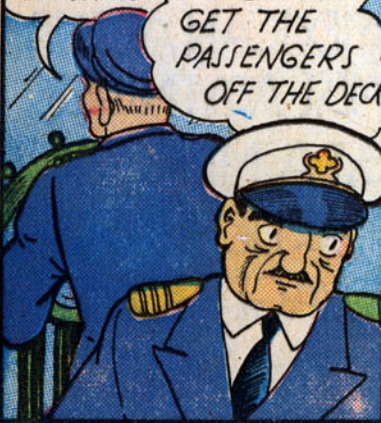


HEY! COME DOWN FROM THERE!! DO YOU WANT TO GET HURT?



WE'RE HEADING INTO ROUGH WEATHER.

I'D BETTER GET THE PASSENGERS OFF THE DECKS.



LOOKS LIKE A STORM'S COMING UP.

LUCKY THE PASSENGERS DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE EXPLOSIVES WE'VE GOT ABOARD. THEY'D BE SCARED STIFF.

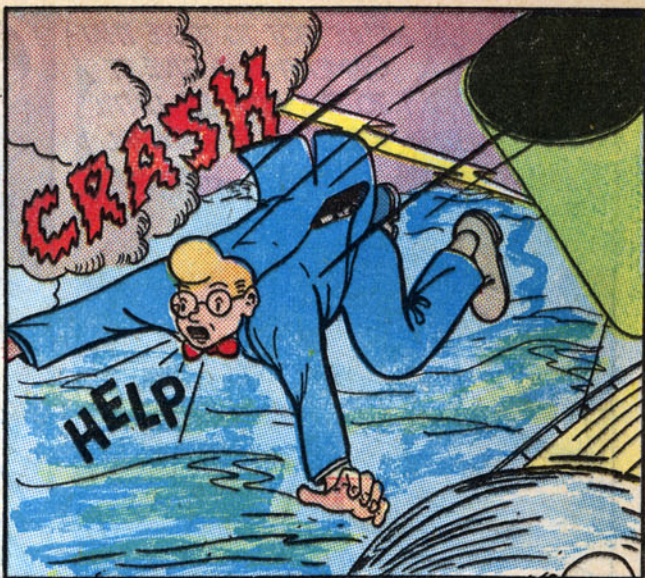


AND DURING ALL THIS, CHARLIE IS BLISSFULLY TAKING PICTURES.

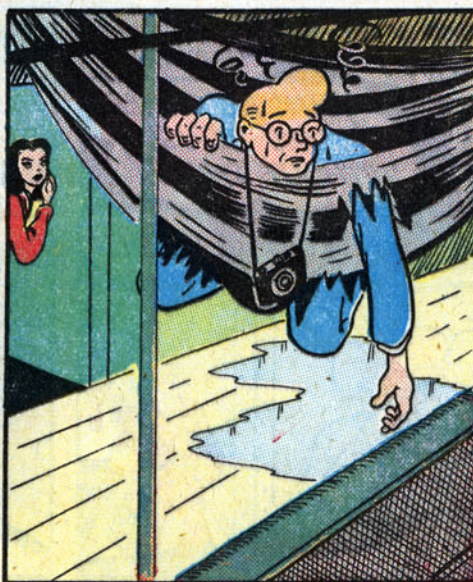
WONDER WHY EVERYBODY DISAPPEAR-ED SO SUDDENLY?



THE STORM BREAKS -



LUCKILY FOR CHARLIE
THE SHIP LURCHES BACK.



YOU CERTAINLY GO
TO A LOT OF TROUBLE
TO TAKE PICTURES.



I'M CANDID CHARLIE.
I JUST FLEW DOWN
FROM THE CROW'S
NEST. SORRY I
DISTURBED YOU.

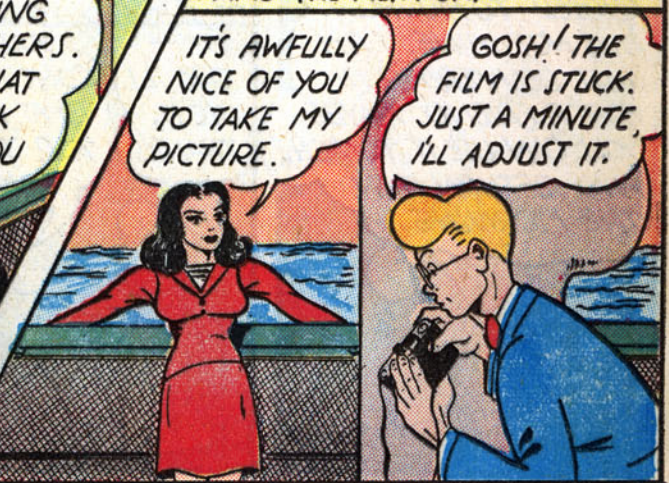
THINK NOTHING
OF IT. I JUST
ADORE FLYING
PHOTOGRAPHERS.
TELL ME, WHAT
DID YOU DRINK
THAT MADE YOU
FLY?

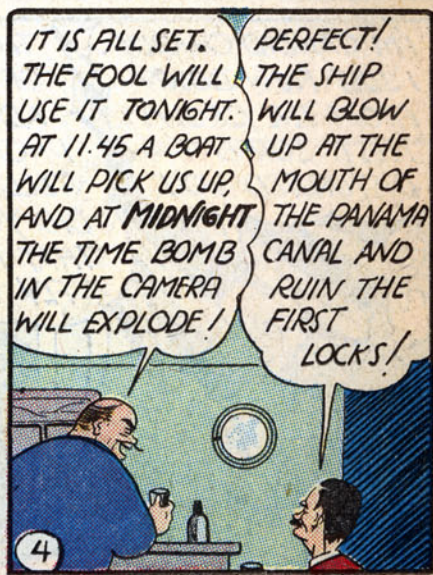
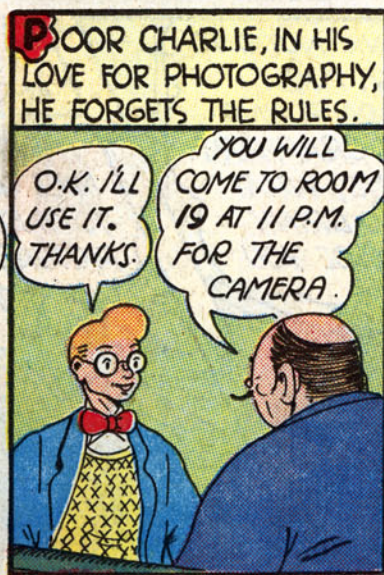
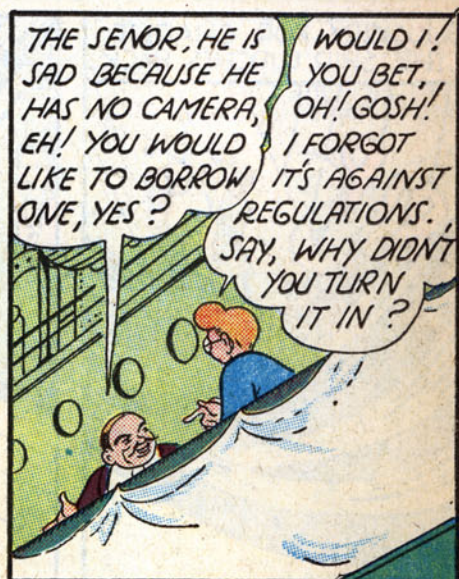
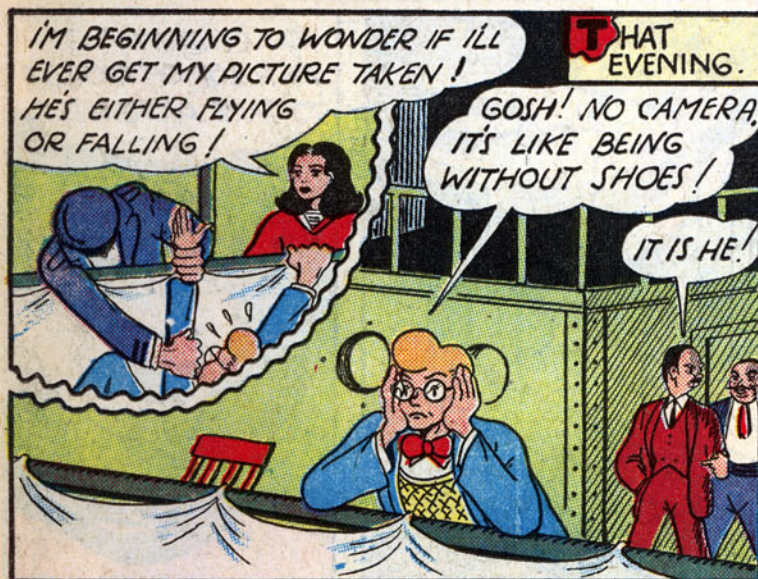
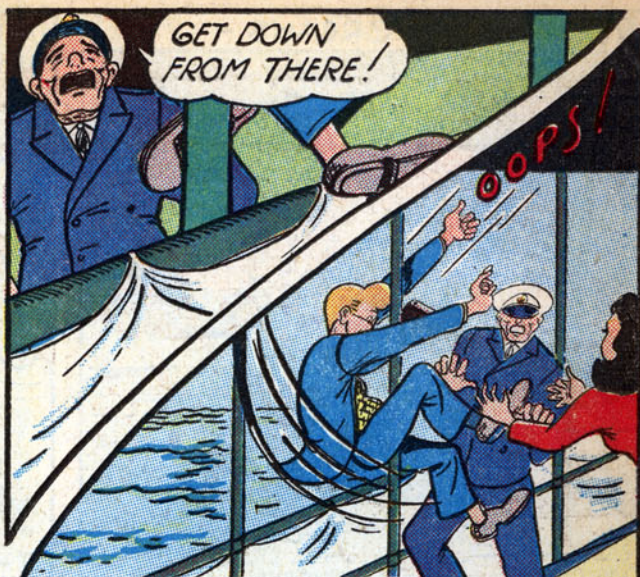
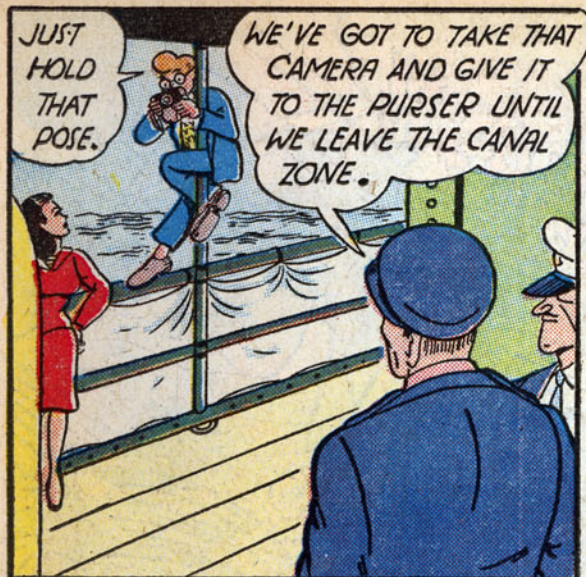


CHARLIE EXPLAINS HIMSELF
A LITTLE MORE CLEARLY,
AND THE NEXT DAY.

IT'S AWFULLY
NICE OF YOU
TO TAKE MY
PICTURE.

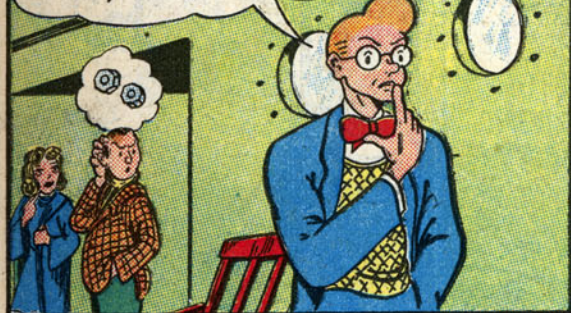
GOSH! THE
FILM IS STUCK.
JUST A MINUTE,
I'LL ADJUST IT.





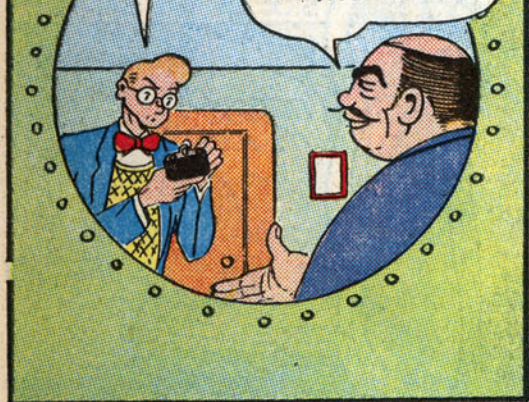
CHARLIE TRIES TO EASE HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG IN TAKING PICTURES OF A GIRL. I HATE TO BREAK MY PROMISE TO HER. I WON'T PHOTOGRAPH THE CANAL, HONEST.

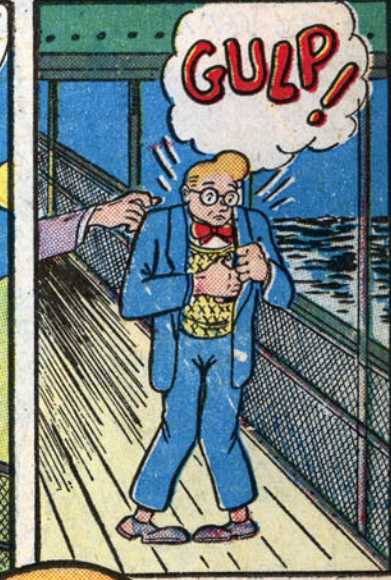


DO YA THINK I'M WRONG BY USING THIS CAMERA?

OF COURSE NOT. IT IS NO HARM, IF YOU DO NOT TAKE PICTURES OF THE CANAL.



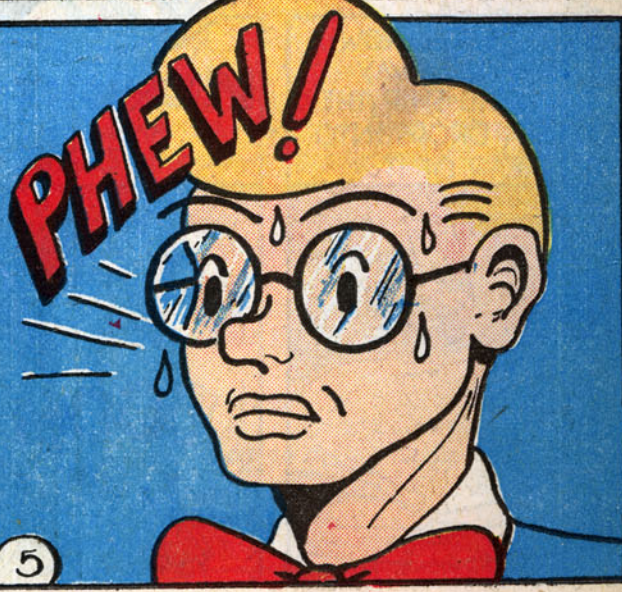
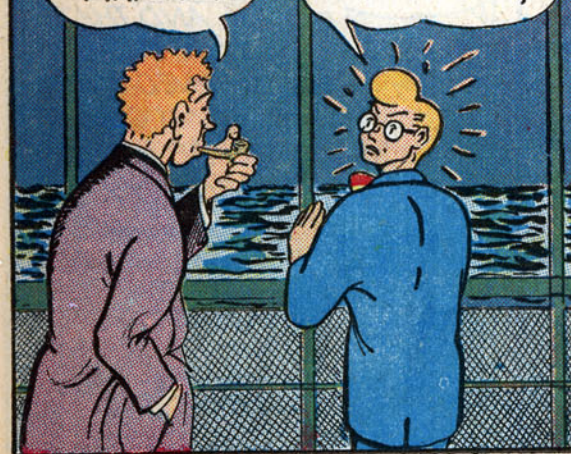
IT'S SURE NICE OF HIM. HE'S EVEN GOT FILM IN IT. HOPE NOBODY SEES ME WITH IT!



GULP!

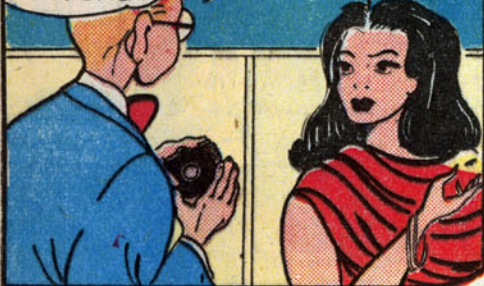
GOTTA MATCH?

MATCH --- MATCH-- ?
OH! --- SURE!



I KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, BUT SOMEONE LOANED ME THIS CAMERA AND I'D LIKE TO KEEP MY PROMISE TO TAKE YOUR PICTURE.

MY--- NOTHING STOPS YOU! BUT ISN'T IT TOO DARK?



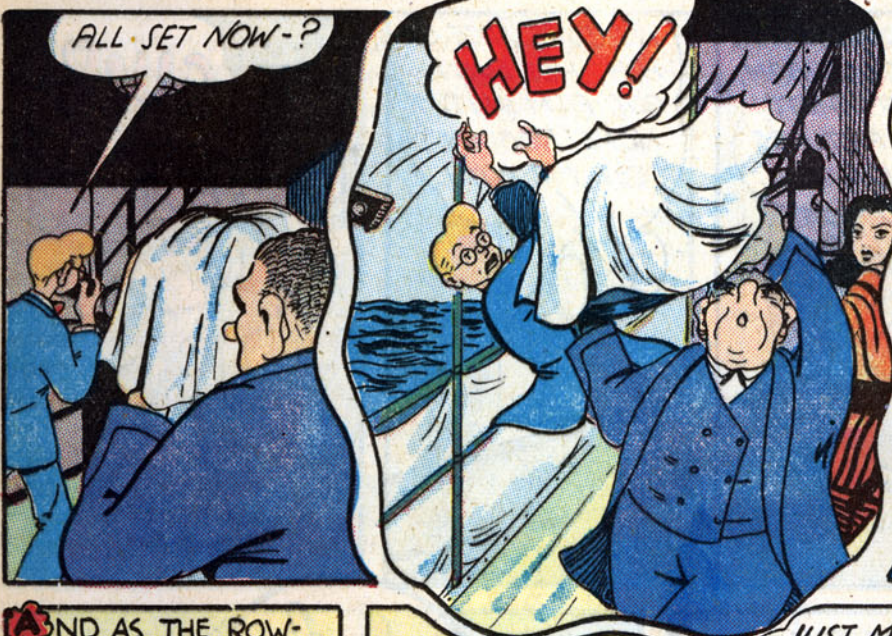
AS THE HOUR NEARS MIDNIGHT AND THE SHIP SLOWLY HEADS TOWARDS THE CANAL, CHARLIE PREPARES TO SNAP HIS FIRST PICTURE, WHICH MIGHT BE HIS **LAST!**

THIS CAMERA HAS A VERY SENSITIVE LENS. THE DECK LIGHTS WILL BE ENOUGH.



ALL SET NOW-?

HEY!

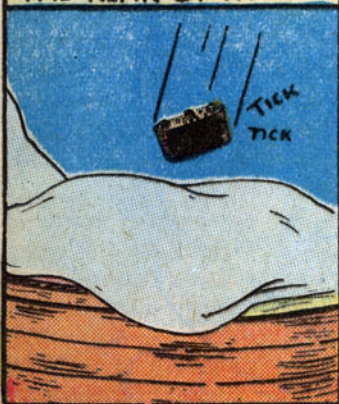


WHEN THE CAMERA FALLS OVER THE EDGE OF THE RAIL OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE WATER LINE ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE SHIP.

HURRY!
IT'S 11:45.



AND AS THE ROW-BOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP, THE CAMERA DROPS INTO THE REAR OF IT.



MIDNIGHT
AND THE CAMERA
EXPLODES



JUST MY LUCK! LOOK AT THOSE FIREWORKS, AND ME WITHOUT A **CAMERA!**

AND THAT **NICE MAN** WHO LOANED IT TO YOU IS GOING TO BE **AWFULLY ANGRY!**

CHARLIE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET IN MORE OF HIS UNPREDICTABLE ADVENTURES.

PATROL TORPEDO

THE American PT boat chugged quietly along, hugging the bleak Chinese coast in the faint hour before a December dawn. Young Lieutenant Doug Ramsy had his eyes glued to his binoculars as he watched the shore. He spoke briefly to the ensign at his side: "There's the old stone tower that the skipper told us about. This is the place for the rendezvous. Put her into shore. All hands alert!"

The sleek gray hull slid through the blue waters of the sea and eased into the protection of a little cove. Presently the nose of the little craft neared the beach and Doug Ramsy leaped ashore, his Navy service revolver gripped in his strong right hand. He ran up a slight slope and surveyed the stretch of rocky, barren waste that rolled away endlessly before his eyes in the dull dawn.

Something rolled out from the base of the old stone tower and Doug jumped back in alarm, his gun ready. A man in the gray-green uniform of a Japanese officer got to his knees and staggered toward the Lieutenant. His eyes were sunken and his face was haggard. "I thought your Army and Navy had both forgotten me." Tired and exhausted, his eyes took in the slight, slender shape of the PT boat lying along the shore. "I thought my job was an important one. I thought they'd send a plane or a destroyer to pick me up—not a launch. It's imperative that the information I've gathered gets through to your headquarters. They could have sent something better than a rowboat."

Doug extended his right arm and helped the officer to slip and slide down the slight slope to the edge of the water. "I am Lieutenant Ramsy. You are Wong Fu, an officer of the Chinese Army, I take it. They told me that you would identify yourself."

Doug smiled as he helped the Chinese aboard and listened to his tale. "I was dropped at night from an American plane over Fing Wong two weeks ago, wearing the uniform of a Jap officer. My orders were to proceed from Fing Wong to the Japs' front line by traveling at night and

sleeping or hiding in the daytime. I was picked to get the information about Jap strength in that area because I speak Japanese fluently and having served here many years as an archaeologist, I know this country like a book."

"And," Wong Fu sighed with exhaustion, "I've got information that will curl your commander's hair—if I ever get to tell him." His keen eyes roved over the PT boat with one quick glance. "This little scooter will probably turn inside out if you go more than ten miles an hour. I doubt if we'll ever make it back to the fleet."

The ensign made a promise. "I think we can take you back to the fleet faster than ten miles an hour, and we won't turn inside out. — But you might."

IT WAS at that moment a burst of shrapnel splattered in the water on the port side and a spouting geyser of salty spray drenched them. The pom-pom gunner, with a clip of shells perched on his shoulder, shouted at Doug: "Enemy ship blocking the cove entrance, sir. Looks like a Jap destroyer. We'll never get out of here now, sir."

Wong Fu frowned. "I get through two hundred miles of Japs, only to be trapped by a Jap destroyer. She could sink us with one shell."

Doug shook his head. "She can . . . if she hits us." He shouted at the Chinese officer, as another burst of shrapnel from the destroyer fell closer: "Better get in the dust-bin, Captain . . . the wheel-house. It's the only dry place on board when we get under way."

"I'll stay here, if you don't mind."

"Get below the roof of that wheel-house!" Doug barked. "I'm commanding this ship."

"Ship? I'd call it a mosquito." But Wong Fu ducked into the wheel-house.

Doug turned his attention to his fight. "Full speed ahead! Barton, you man the starboard torpedo tube! That Jap can't come in any closer. Water's too shallow for her. We're going to run by right under her nose. Be ready."

The helmsman, turning the PT on a dime, swerved out toward the sea-end of the cove as the engine suddenly sprang into a gusty roar that made her every timber shiver. She seemed like a thing alive. She dove into the blue water and a foamy wake trailed at her stern as the sleek hull roared through the sea at fifty miles an hour.

The Jap destroyer threw another burst of shrapnel into the cove, and this time the spray was close enough to drench Doug Ramsy as he stood with his eyes glued to his glasses. He howled at the helmsman: "Full speed! The Jap's using his blinkers. He knows he can't get

us, except by luck, and he's signaling for planes. Using his radio, too, probably. We've got to get out of this cove, and in a hurry, or we're a gone goose."

THE PT roared forward and it seemed to the four-man crew that she was due to smash her timbers on the sleek hull of the destroyer, now throwing shrapnel with every available gun. But the enemy ship wasn't accustomed to firing at such a rapidly moving target—a target no bigger than a launch speeding at sixty miles an hour straight toward her. Her blinker was winking frantically. Another burst of shrapnel barely missed the PT, and Doug silently prayed for another minute of grace.

They got that precious minute, and they were out of the cove, into the open sea. As they turned broadside to the destroyer, Doug belted with all his power above the howling engine, "Fire starboard tube!"

They raced westward along the shore like a startled rabbit with water-wings, and they were yards away from the Jap before they saw the wake of their torpedo swishing toward the destroyer. Then they heard a terrific roar and saw a flash of flame from the belly of the ship. She listed to port. Another heavy explosion split her magazines and she began to settle rapidly. She was out of the fight. Stung to death by a mosquito.

Doug yelled at the helmsman, "Full speed ahead for the rendezvous and the fleet. Unless I miss my guess, we're going to have a hot time before we get Wong Fu back home safely. Those Japs will be boiling mad."

Blake barked from the gun, where he was strapped in his seat and scanning the skies, "We won't have long to wait. Here come the planes the Japs ordered. A dozen of them. Look like Zeros."

The Lieutenant grinned wryly, "So they did get that radio flash from the destroyer before she sank." He shouted above the roar of the PT's engines and the slappity-slap of water bouncing off the boat's hull, "Davis! You man the pom-pom! Give 'em all you got. Helmsman, when they dive, you start zigzagging, but not too widely. We've got to conserve fuel."

As the Zeros came over like a swarm of hornets, with their machine guns spitting and barking bullets into the churning wake of the PT boat, Wong Fu ran out of the wheel-house. "I can do something in this scrap. Tell me what to do, Lieutenant. You boys have what it takes! Maybe we can get this bouncing sardine-can home."

Doug grinned at the Chinese officer. "Take

the forward machine gun, Captain! Strap yourself in the seat and you can shoot in any direction, even straight up."

Wong Fu sprang to obey the Navy officer. Barton, at the other gun, was pouring a veritable stream of slugs up into the brightening blue of the Chinese sky, his tracers looking pale pink in the odd light. Davis bounced back and forth in his seat, pouring whistling danger at the diving enemies. Just then a leaden slug from a Zero found him and he slumped forward in his straps, blood pouring from a shoulder wound.

Doug sprang to Davis's side and loosed the stricken sailor from the seat. "Let me have a try, sailor!" Doug jumped into the seat, froze his eyes to the sights, and trained the gun on the flying hornets. At his first burst a Zero seemed to stall in its tracks; stood on its ears and tumbled straight down, to be buried in the churning sea.

Wong Fu cried out in glee: "Atta boy, skipper! Give 'em the other barrel."

The Zeros dove again in Indian file; the bullets raked their initials in the wooden deck and flying splinters chipped from the speeding launch. The planes' grey bodies zoomed up and away, banking for another run.

The helmsman stuck his head out of the wheel-house with a grin on his youthful face, "Thunderbolts and Corsairs on the way, sir."

ALMOST as the words reached him Doug saw a dozen American planes coming out of the west. They were spoiling for a fight and they tore right into that swarm of Zeros, but the Japs hightailed it back toward their base in a terrific hurry.

* * * * *

COMMANDER KING and General Wayne smiled happily at the information Wong Fu gave them. "Sorry we couldn't send a plane for you, Captain. Too risky. We couldn't take a chance on losing you, so we sent a PT."

Wong Fu smiled at his friends and winked at Lieutenant Ramsy. "You kidding me, sir? Next time I get in a hole I want four boys just like these to help me out. Here's one Chinese that's learned his lesson. The Navy's full of fighting hombres and I'll string along with them any day."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," said the Commander. "The Army's swell. The Navy's swell. Together we're unbeatable."

General Wayne champed on his cigar, a smile on his desert-tanned face. "You said it, Commander."

THE END

DAN'L FLANNEL



THE HOMESPUN CENTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IS IN SESSION-- UNCLE DUD PRESIDES -- --

GENTLEMEN, OUR PROBLEM IS T' RAISE MONEY FOR TH' COUNTY ORPHANAGE -- BUT HOW'RE WE AGOIN' T' DO IT?

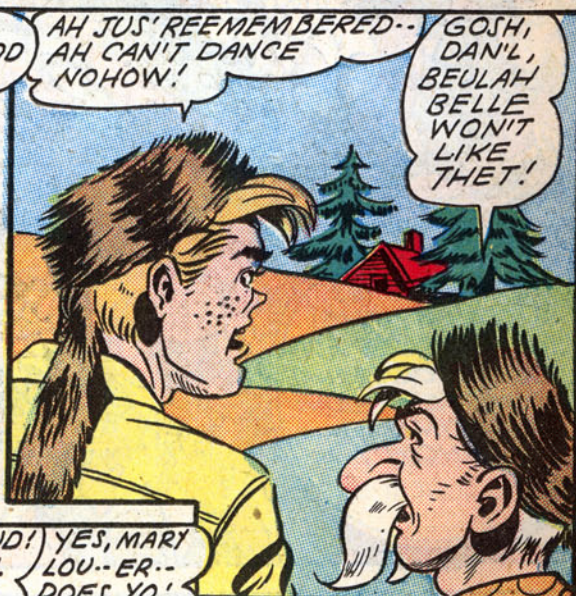
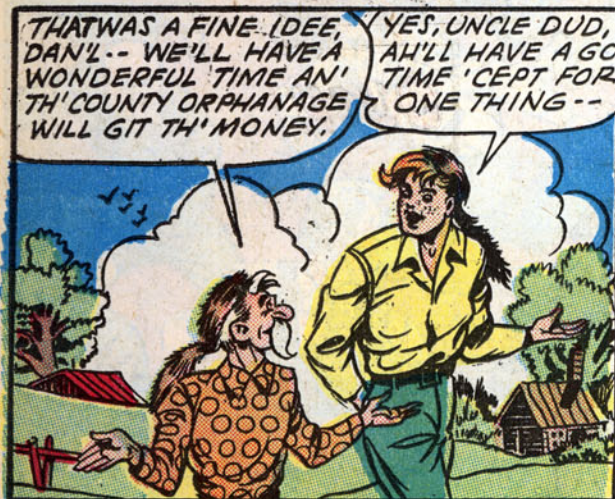
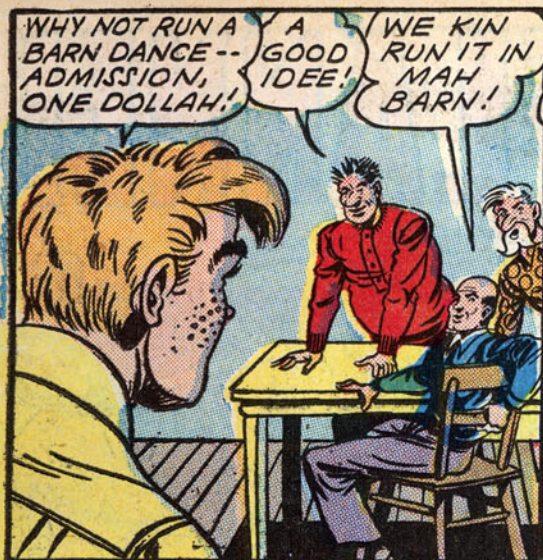
SEARCH ME, UNCLE DUD.

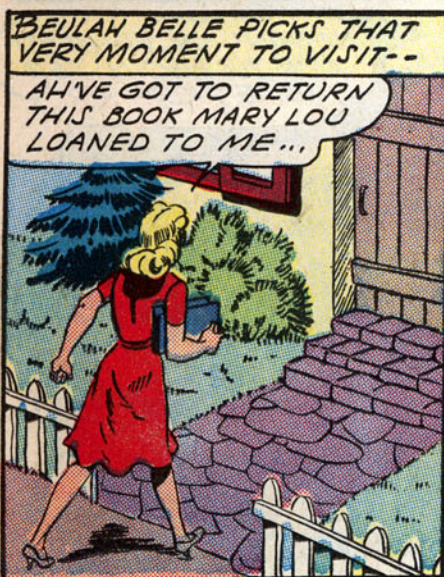
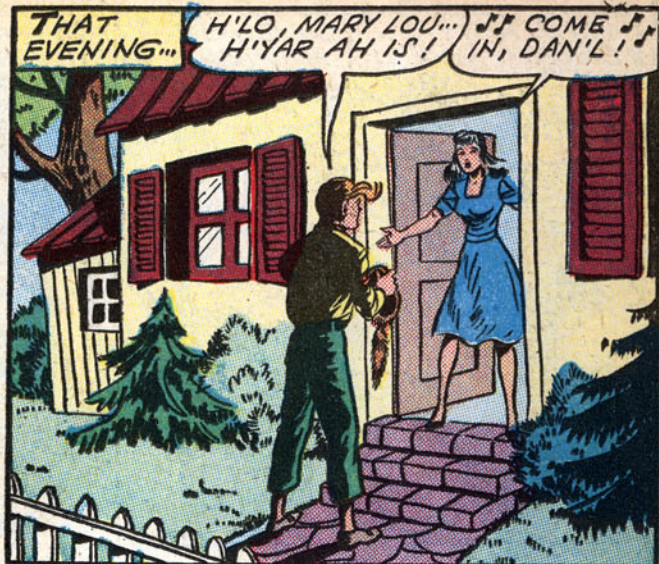
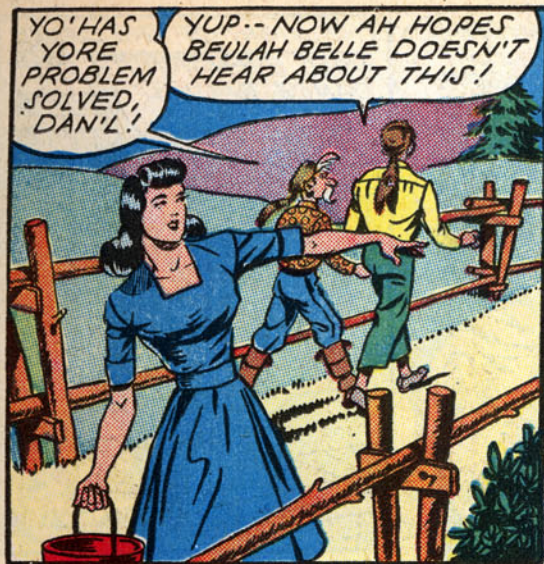


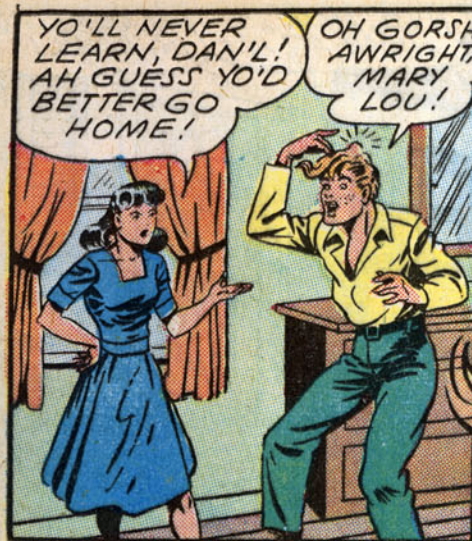
AH KNOWS AH DON'T BEE -- LONG TO TH' COUNCIL, BUT AH HAS A SUGGESTION!

SPEAK UP, DAN'L.









YO'LL NEVER LEARN, DAN'L! AH GUESS YO'D BETTER GO HOME!

OH GORSH-AWRIGHT, MARY LOU!

AH'M DISGUSTED WITH MAHSELF! BUT, AH WONDERS WHAR THET BOOK WHICH HIT ME CAME FROM?

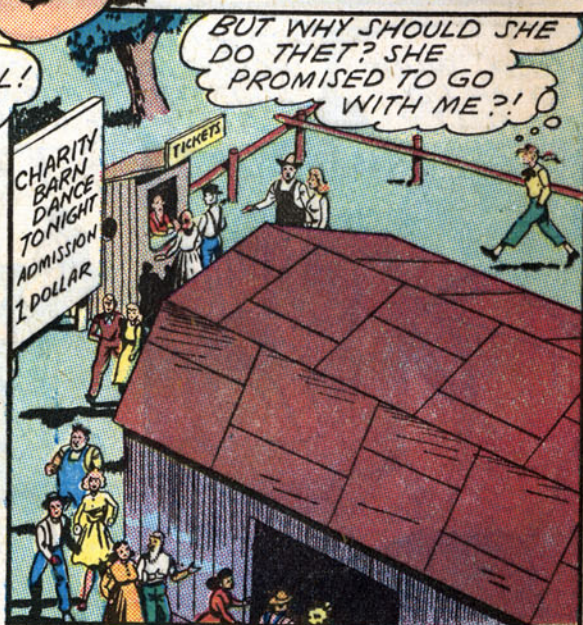


THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE WELL, EVEN IF'N AH CAN'T DANCE, BEULAH BELLE WON'T MIND!



SORRY, DAN'L... DAUGHTER'S GONE TO TH'DANCE WITH BUM BRUMMEL! THEY LEFT TEN MINUTES AGO!

BUM BRUMMEL! (GULP)

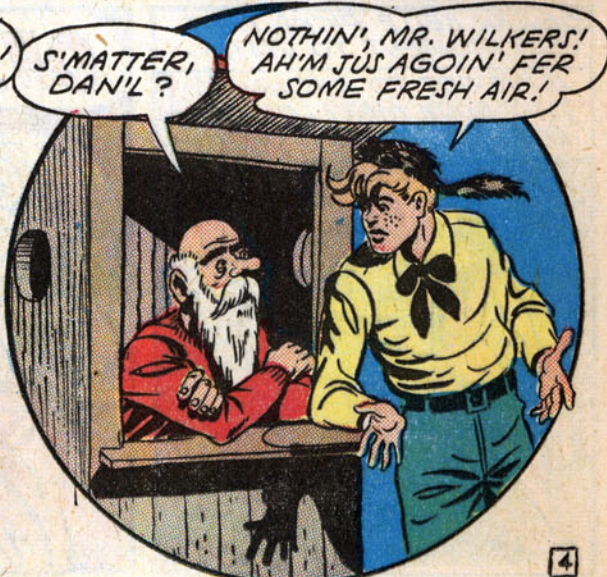


BUT WHY SHOULD SHE DO THET? SHE PROMISED TO GO WITH ME?!



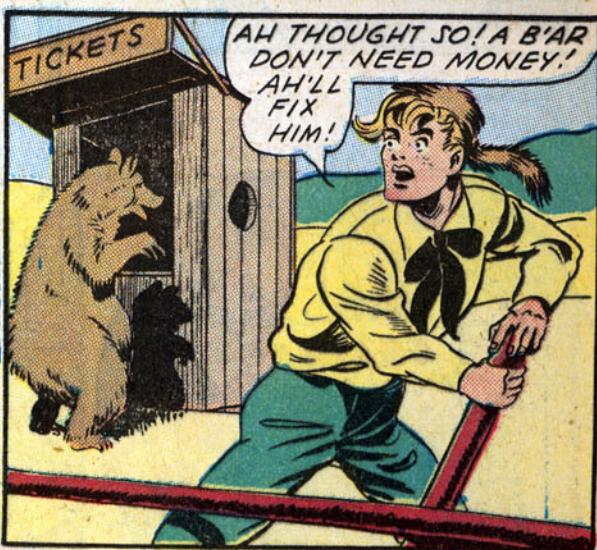
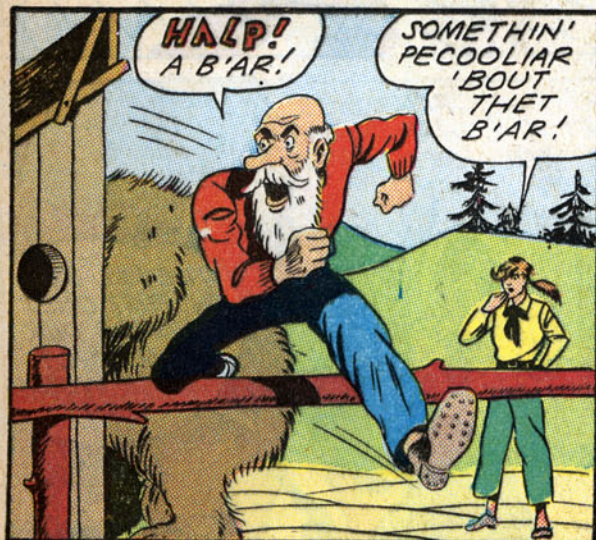
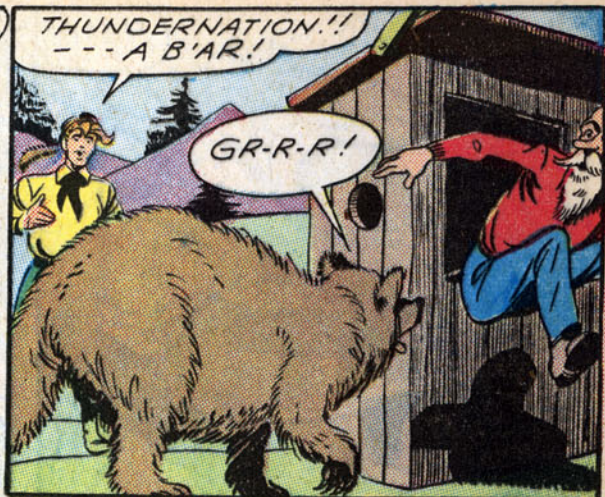
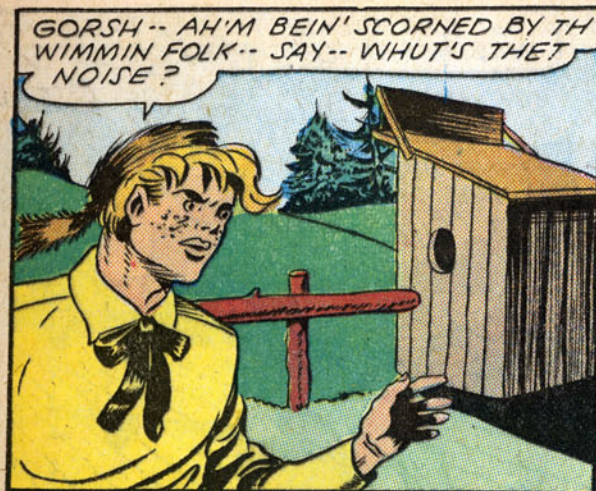
INSIDE...

GORSH-- SHE DOESN'T WANT T'KNOW AH'M H'YAR! NEITHER DOES MARY LOU!



S'MATTER, DAN'L?

NOTHIN', MR. WILKERS! AH'M JUS AGOIN' FER SOME FRESH AIR!

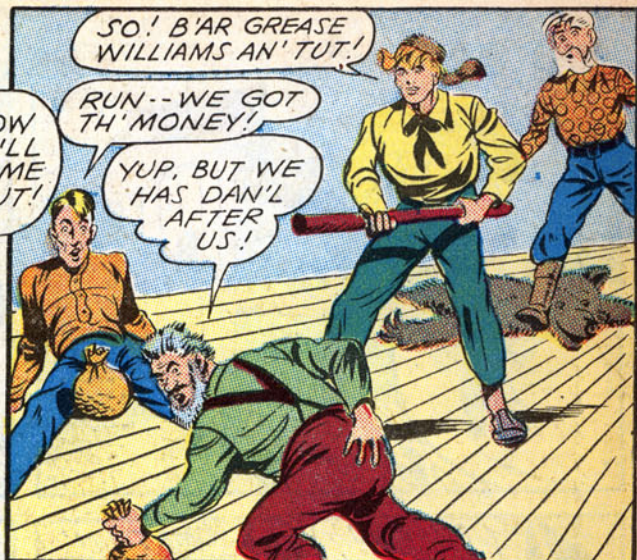




YEOW!

HALP!

NOW
YO'LL
COME
OUT!



SO! B'AR GREASE
WILLIAMS AN' TUT!

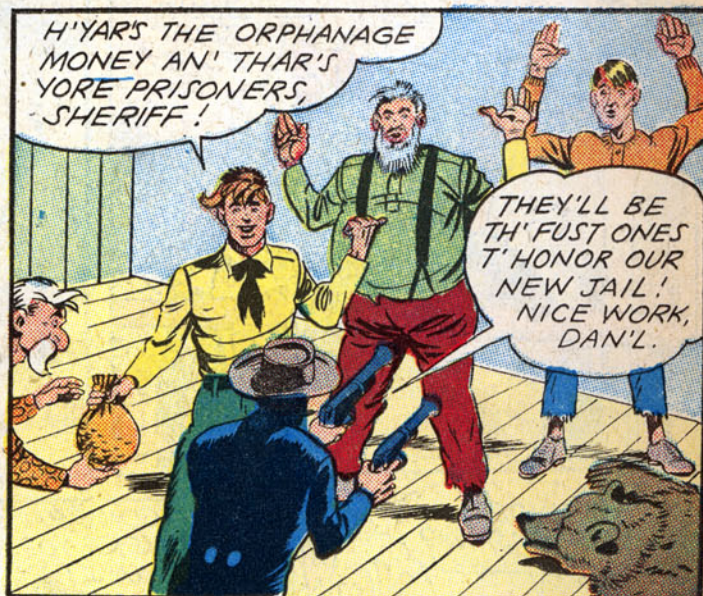
RUN-- WE GOT
TH' MONEY!

YUP, BUT WE
HAS DAN'L
AFTER
US!



THASS RIGHT!
AH THINKS YO'D BETTER
STICK AROUND!

CRASH!



H'YARS THE ORPHANAGE
MONEY AN' THAR'S
YO'RE PRISONERS,
SHERIFF!

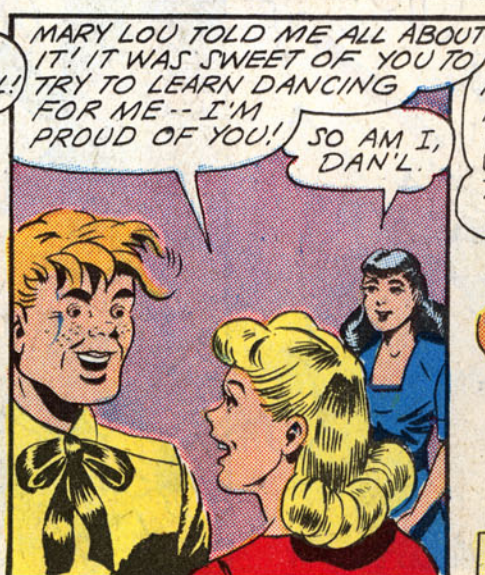
THEY'LL BE
TH' FUST ONES
T' HONOR OUR
NEW JAIL!
NICE WORK,
DAN'L.



DAN'L!

DAN'L,
YOU WERE
WONDERFUL!

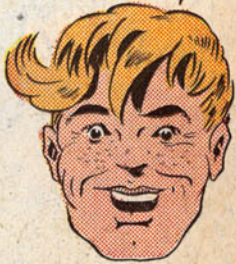
(GULP) YO' IS
SUPPOSED TO BE
MAD AT ME, BEULAH
BELLE! YO' TOO,
MARY LOU!



MARY LOU TOLD ME ALL ABOUT
IT! IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO
TRY TO LEARN DANCING
FOR ME-- I'M
PROUD OF YOU!

SO AM I,
DAN'L.

IT SHORE IS
A GOOD THING
AH DIDN'T LEARN
HOW T' DANCE--
TUT 'N' WILLIAMS
WOULD HAVE GOT
TH' MONEY FOR
SHURE THEN--



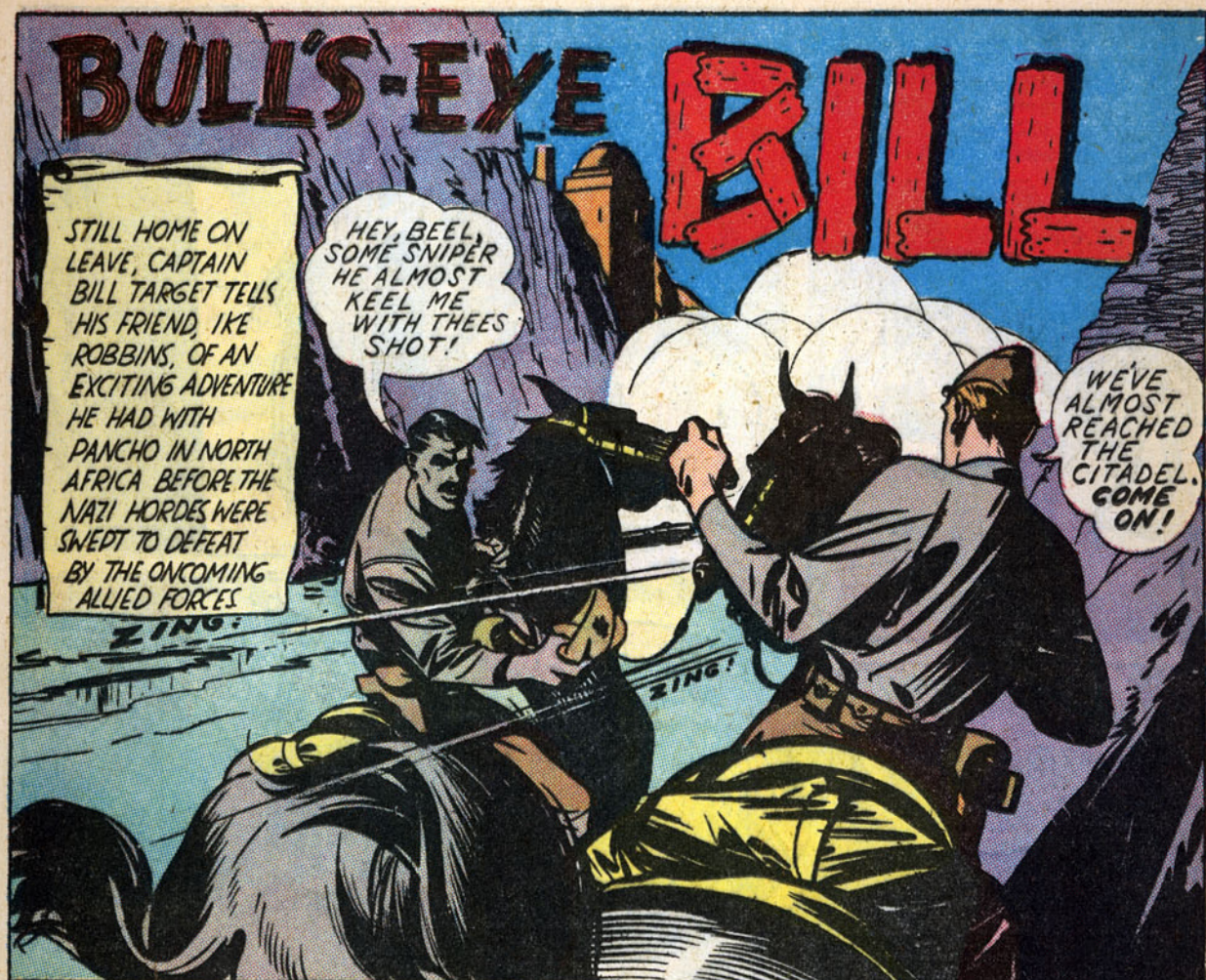
THE END.

BULL'S-EYE BILL

STILL HOME ON LEAVE, CAPTAIN BILL TARGET TELLS HIS FRIEND, IKE ROBBINS, OF AN EXCITING ADVENTURE HE HAD WITH PANCHO IN NORTH AFRICA BEFORE THE NAZI HORDES WERE SWEEPED TO DEFEAT BY THE ONCOMING ALLIED FORCES

HEY, BEEL, SOME SNIPER HE ALMOST KEEL ME WITH THEES SHOT!

WE'VE ALMOST REACHED THE CITADEL. COME ON!



I STEEL DONT GET THEES, WHY DO SOMBODY SHOOT AT ME?

THATS WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!



THERE EES... NO ONE! NOT EVEN HORSES!

WONDER WHAT MADE THAT DUST?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

REACHING THE CITADEL...

MAYBE THIS
MOORISH GIRL
TELL US
SOMETHING.

YOU DON'T EXPECT
HER TO SPEAK
ENGLISH DO YOU?



I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T GET HERE!

HA! WE
FIND LUCK.
SHE DO
SPEAK
ENGLISH
HO KAY.

WHAT
HAPPENED?



ONLY LAST NIGHT
FIFTY MORE HORSES
DISAPPEARED...
WITH NO CLUE
AS TO WHERE
THEY WERE
TAKEN!



SOUNDS
LIKE
NAZI
AGENTS!



BEN SID FOUND
THESE YESTERDAY.
HE SENT THEM
IN WITH A
RIDER!



QUESTIONING
THE
GIRL
FURTHER
BILL
LEARNS
THAT...

YOU SAY YOU FOUND
SOME BITS OF
GLASS? THOSE
MIGHT BE
OUR
CLUE!

I DIDN'T THINK OF
THAT! I'LL SHOW
THEM TO
YOU!



GLASS! HOW WOULD THAT
GET IN THIS TERRITORY?

THAT'S WHAT I
CANT UNDERSTAND.

JUST THEN...

BEEL! I
THEENK
I HEAR
SHOTS!

FROM OUT OF
THE NIGHT COMES...

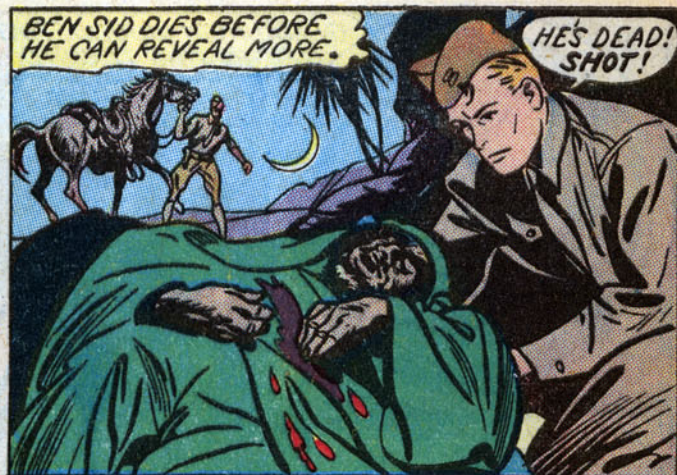
SOMEONE IS SHOOTING!
COME ON, PANCHO!

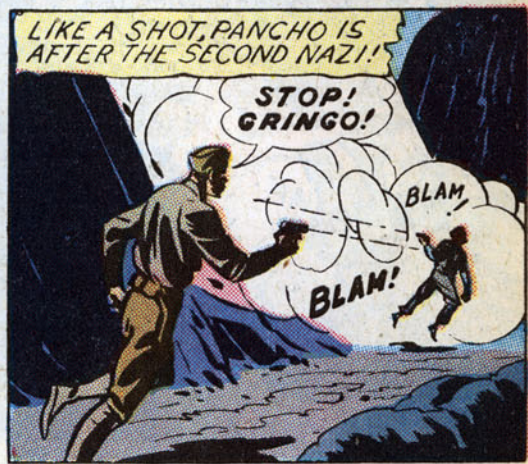
HO-KAY

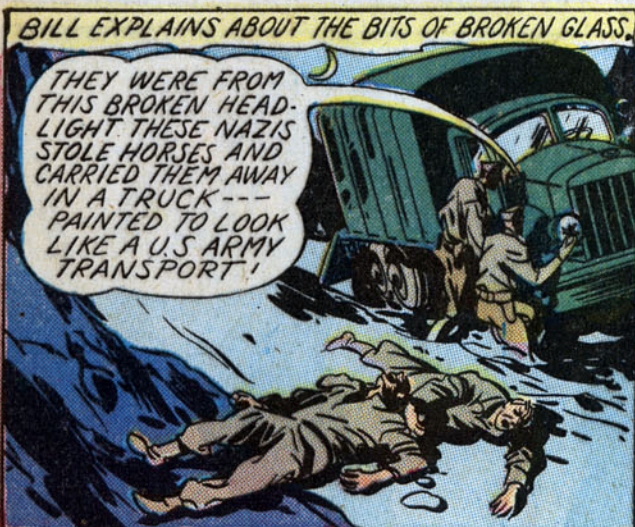
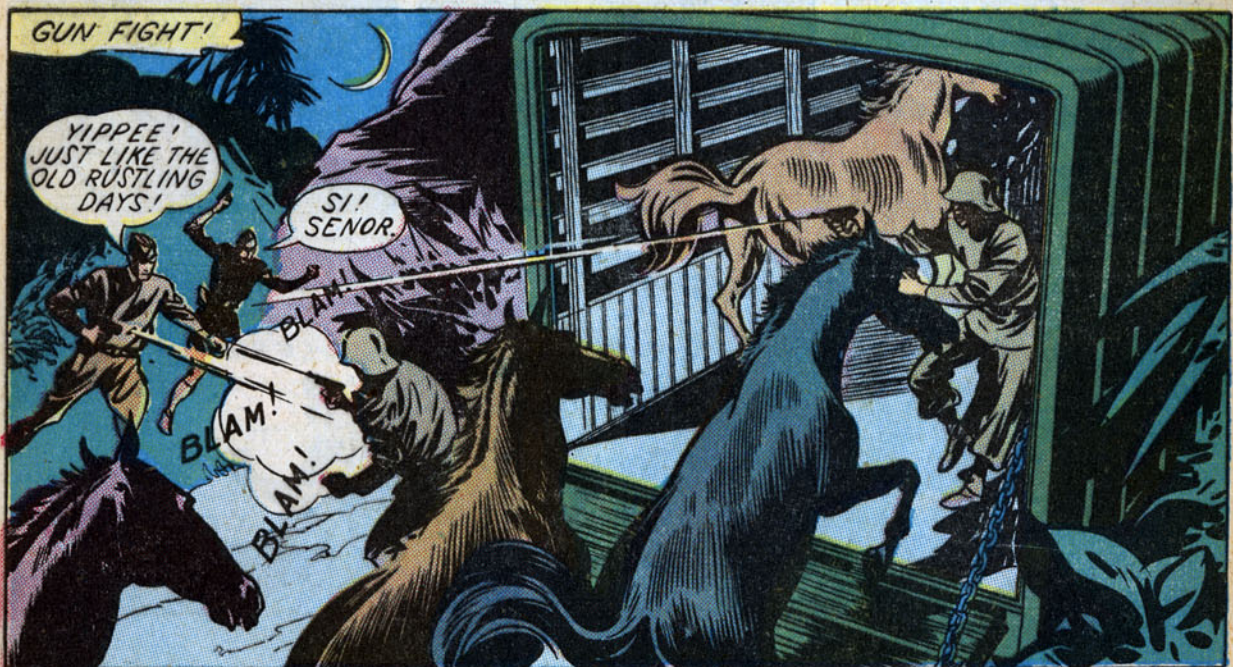
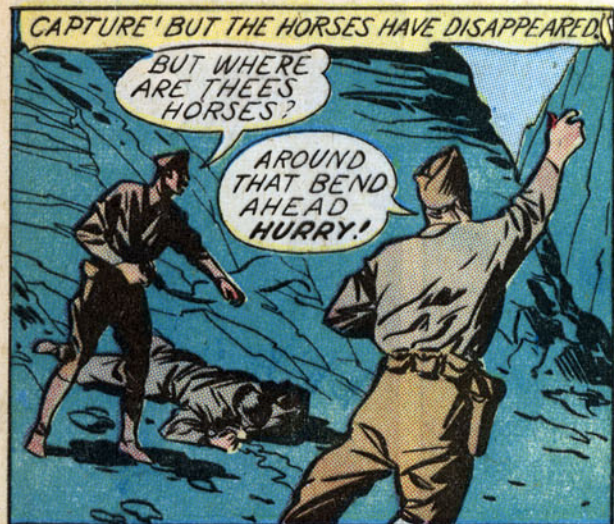
BANG!
BANG!

LOOK!
PANCHO

IT'S BEN SID!
HES HURT!





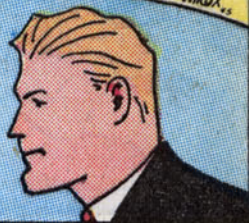


NEXT MONTH-FOLLOW THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BILL TARGET.

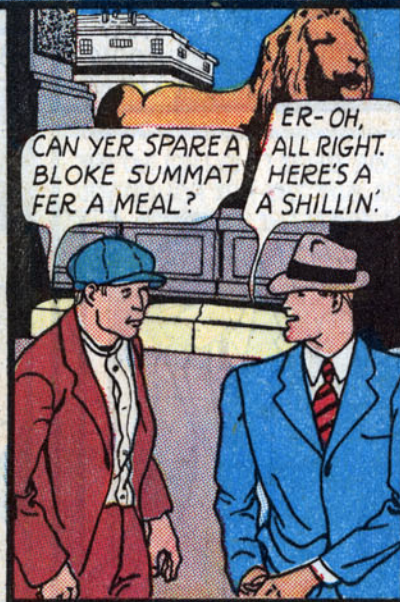
PETE STOCKBRIDGE

Alias "THE Chameleon"

IN BRUSSELS, A CODE MESSAGE DIRECTS THE CHAMELEON TO RETURN TO LONDON, AS THE GREEN FOX, FAMOUS AXIS AGENT, HAS BEEN LOCATED. HE IS ALSO INSTRUCTED TO BE AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE, THURSDAY, AT 8:00 P.M. HERE WE FIND HIM AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...



WONDER HOW THE PARTY I MEET HERE WILL IDENTIFY HIMSELF? IT'S - HUH?



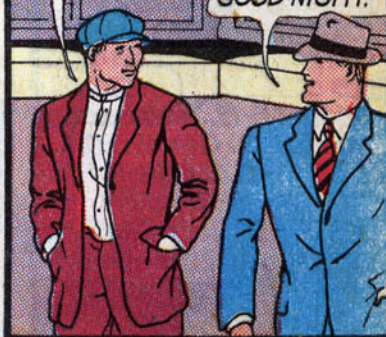
CAN YER SPARE A BLOKE SUMMAT FER A MEAL?

ER-OH, ALL RIGHT. HERE'S A SHILLIN'.

A FOLDED NOTE IS SLIPPED INTO THE CHAMELEON'S PALM.

THANKÉE, SIR.

YOU'RE WELCOME. GOOD NIGHT.



BACK IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, THE CHAMELEON READS THE NOTE

"NOW LUCY HAD HYSTERICIS, CRIED 'I KNOW I'LL GO INSANE, I FIND THE OTHER 12 I'VE WED LIVE RIGHT HERE IN THE LANE, BUT HER HUBBY, NUMBER 13, HURRIED HER AWAY IN SHAME, OH, SHE'D MARRIED FAR TOO OFTEN - SHE'LL NE'ER RETURN AGAIN!'"

HM-M-M. I'LL TRY THE 'SKIP-PLUS' KEY TO BREAK THE CODE. NOW - FIRST LINE -



AFTER TEN MINUTES OF STUDY-

AH! I HAVE IT. LUCY-GO-12- HERE LANE. THEN, NUMBER 13, HURRIED. NEXT LINE'S A DUD SO THE IDENTITY PHRASE MUST BE "NE'ER RETURN AGAIN".

SO, "GO-12- LUCY LANE. AGENT 13 HERE. HURRY." MAKES SENSE. I'LL ASK AT THE DESK HOW TO GO TO LUCY LANE.



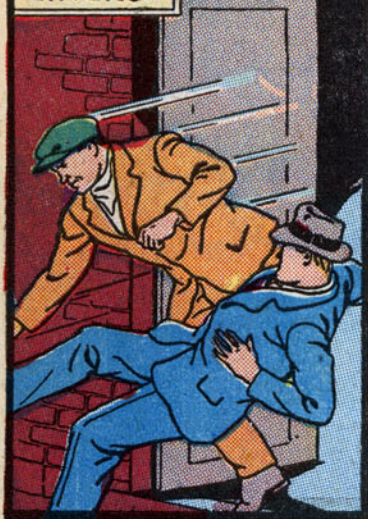
AT LUCY LANE. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF LONDON.



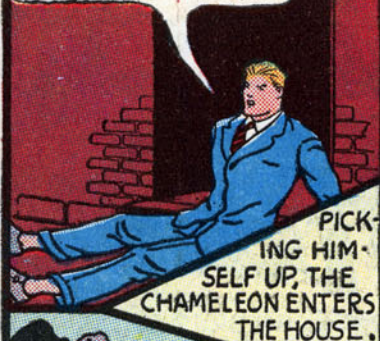
THIS MUST BE IT.

12

AS THE CHAMELEON ENTERS—



NICE, POLITE - POLECAT!



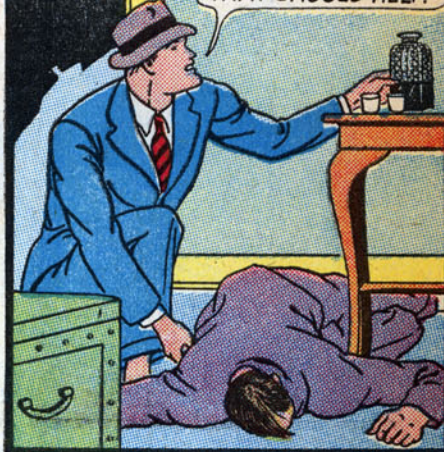
PICK-
ING HIM-
SELF UP, THE
CHAMELEON ENTERS
THE HOUSE.



WHAT
WAS
THAT?
SOUNDED
LIKE A
GROAN-
FROM
THAT
ROOM
THERE.

THE CHAMELEON CAUTIOUSLY
OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND -

HE'S STILL ALIVE BUT - AH! SOME OF
THAT SHOULD HELP.



A DRINK IS FORCED BETWEEN
THE DYING MAN'S LIPS --- HE
GASPS AND -

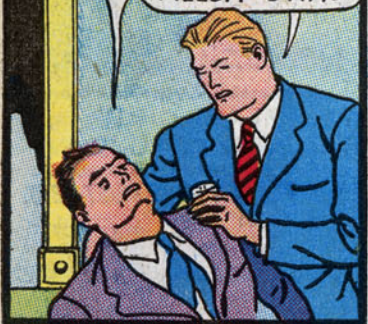
WHO-ARE-
YOU?

MARRIED-
ONCE-TOO-
OFTEN?

A FRIEND. I
WILL-NE'ER
RETURN
AGAIN.

-IN SHAME.

GOOD - I'M-13...
YOU (GASP) CHAMELEON....
LISTEN---CLOSE (GASP) FOX
AT- WARIN-ON-EARP ---
(GASP)- CASTLE-TRUST-
MELBA-G-A-AG.



POOR DEVIL! YOU FOUND THE
FOX BUT THE FOX FOUND YOU.
I'LL EVEN THE
SCORE, 13-1
PROMISE!



BACK AT HIS HOTEL AGAIN--

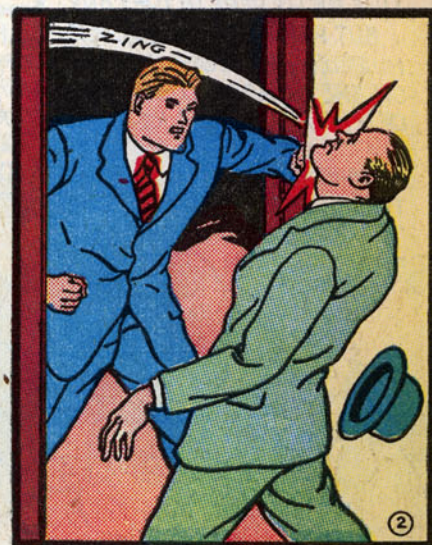


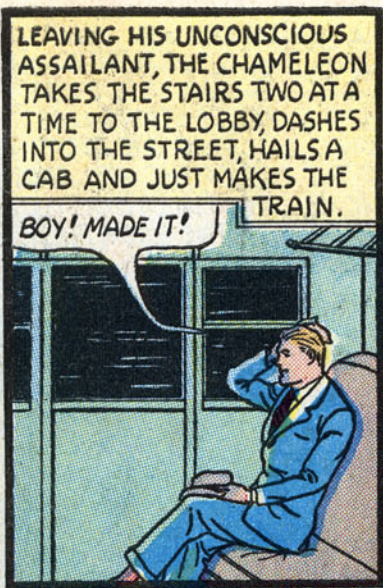
THE
PORTER TELLS
ME THERE'S A
TRAIN FOR WAR-
ING-ON-EARP IN
HALF AN HOUR.
I'LL HAVE
TO HURRY.

GOT A HUNCH TO
USE THE HAT
TRICK!



AT THE DOOR, A
SIXTH SENSE
WARNS THE
CHAMELEON



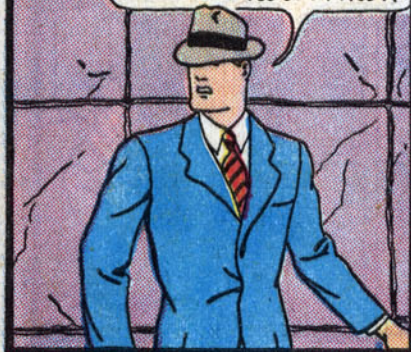


NO 'WELCOME' MAT BUT THE DOOR'S AJAR, SO I'LL JUST WALK IN.

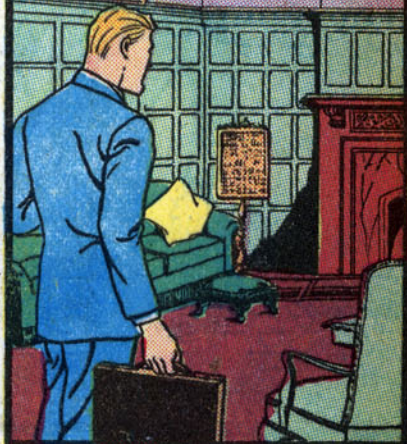


THE CHAMELEON EXPLORES THE OLD RUIN.

WELL, EVERYTHING EMPTY, UP STAIRS AND DOWN. JUST THAT ONE ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL AND THE CELLAR, STILL TO GO. I'LL TRY THE ROOM FIRST.



WELL! THIS IS NICE AND COZY! FIREPLACE, LOVELY ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND - UGH!



STARTLED YOU, SIR? I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY HOME. BUT YOU ARE TRESPASSING, SIR!



MELBA! WHU-ER-HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?



NEVER MIND..THAT. FOR AFTER ALL, YOU'RE A VISITOR WHO MAY NE'ER RETURN AGAIN.



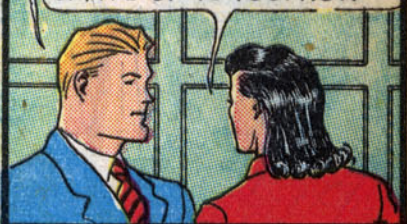
NE'ER RE - AH! SHE MARRIED ONCE TOO OFTEN-



-IN SHAME. GREETINGS. I AM AGENT Z5. AND - YOU ARE?



THE CHAMELEON. AH, SO! MY FRIEND NIKKI HAS TOLD ME OF YOU... BUT, TO BUSINESS. YOU HUNT THE GREEN FOX. POSING AS A BAR MAID, I HAVE DISCOVERED HIM. HENRY OAK! AND HE OPERATES FROM THIS PLACE. HE'LL BE HERE TONIGHT, EARLY. FROM HERE ON, IT'S UP TO YOU. NOW--



MELBA TOUCHES A BUTTON AND A PORTION OF THE WALL SLIDES AWAY-

I MUST GO OR I'LL BE MISSED. GOOD LUCK, CHAMELEON.



THANKS. I'LL SEE YOU LATER. SECRET EXIT, EH?

SO! THE INN KEEPER IS THE MAN WE WANT. WONDER WHEN HE'LL BE HERE AND WHY? I THINK I'LL JUST HIDE AND WAIT. THAT CLOSET UNDER THE STAIRS SHOULD BE A GOOD SPOT.



THE CHAMELEON MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE IN A CORNER OF THE CLOSET - AND SOON DOZES OFF. NIGHT HAS FALLEN WHEN HE IS AWAKENED BY - VOICES.

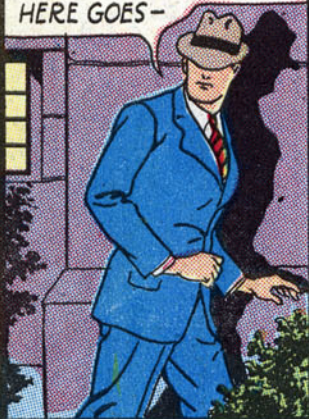
BERT, HAVE A LOOK ABOUT AND THEN STAND GUARD BY THE DOOR. COME ALONG, WALTER.

RIGHT-O, MISTER OAK.



BERT MAKES A QUICK SEARCH OF THE ROOMS AND THEN OPENS THE CLOSET DOOR. BUT THE CHAMELEON SHRINKS INTO AN ANGLE FORMED BY THE STAIRS AND BERT'S CASUAL GLANCE MISSES HIM. SATISFIED ALL IS WELL, BERT WALKS DOWN THE HALL, ENTERS THE END ROOM, AND CLOSES THE DOOR. THE CHAMELEON SLIPS OUT OF THE CLOSET... GLIDES TO THE FRONT DOOR AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

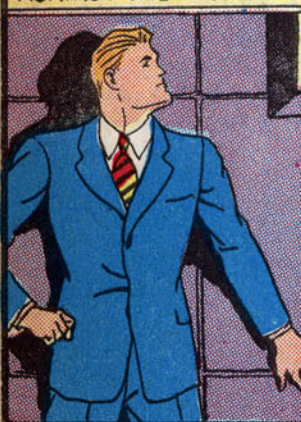
WELL, WITH FRIEND BERT ON GUARD, A DIRECT ATTACK IS O-U-T. MY BEST BET IS THE SIDE WINDOW TO THAT ROOM. HERE GOES—



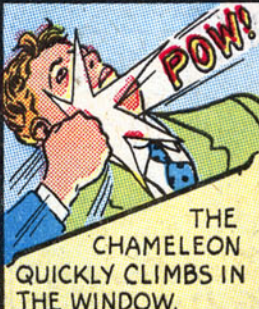
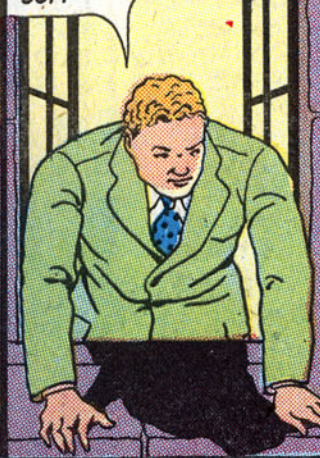
UCK-O! AN OUTSIDE GUARD! HO-HUM—THIS'LL HAVE TO BE NOISELESS.



A FIGURE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW AND THE CHAMELEON FLATTENS AGAINST THE WALL.

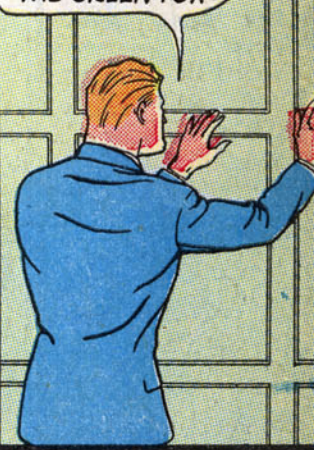


PST! JAWN! HENNY THING WRONG? THOUGHT I'EARD SOM—

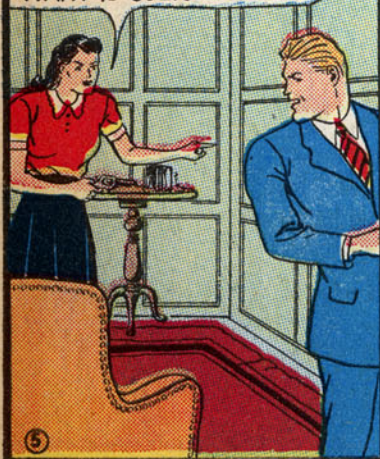


THE CHAMELEON QUICKLY CLIMBS IN THE WINDOW.

NOW TO FIND THE SECRET PANEL. IT MUST LEAD TO THE GREEN FOX—



STAND WHERE YOU ARE - DON'T MOVE YOUR HANDS, MY ARTIST FRIEND! THE PASSAGE YOU WANT IS OVER—THERE!



YES, MR. STOCKBRIDGE, OVER HERE! NICE WORK, MELBA, MY DEAR. I SEE MY SUSPICIONS OF YOU WERE ENTIRELY UNFOUNDED. AND NOW, SIR, I SHALL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU SEEK. THIS WAY, PLEASE. IF HE OBJECTS, DON'T HESITATE TO SHOOT, MELBA.



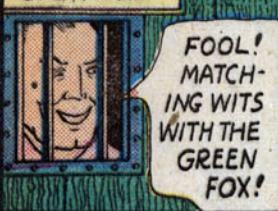
TIGHT-LIPPED, THE CHAMELEON FOLLOWS THE GREEN FOX DOWN THE STAIRS. AT THE BOTTOM—

EGAD! THE HOUR! I REGRET, SIR, I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO SHOW YOU, IN THIS ROOM, MY SENDING SET. MOST POWERFUL IN ENGLAND. SORRY. INSTEAD, WE WILL PROCEED TO YOUR ROOM RIGHT NEXT DOOR. COME—



UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE GREEN FOX AND MELBA'S PRODING GUN, THE CHAMELEON ENTERS A DIM ROOM LIGHTED BY A SINGLE LANTERN. HEAVY BOLTS CLANG AS THE SOLID OAK DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HIM. A SMALL PANEL IN THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND—

YOUR ROOM, INDEFINITELY, MR. STOCKBRIDGE. OBSERVE, TWO MEMBERS OF YOUR ORGANIZATION! ROOM MATES WHO WILL NOT SNORE! POOR CHAPS—THEY DID NOT EAT, SO—THEY DIED. FAREWELL, MR. STOCKBRIDGE! HEIL HITLER!



FOOL! MATCHING WITS WITH THE GREEN FOX!



WHY THAT'S ALLISON! DISAPPEARED NINE MONTHS AGO! BR-R-R! I DON'T LIKE THIS. TRUST MELBA! HA-HA-HA! HERE THIS WON'T DO! I MUST FIND A WAY OUT!



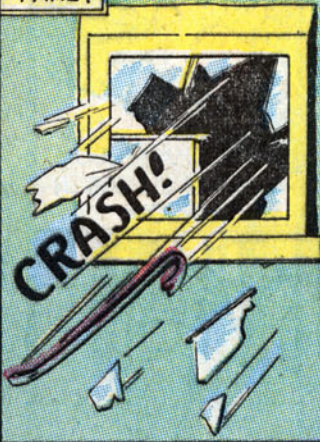
MOVING BARRELS AND CRATES, THE CHAMELEON SEARCHES FOR A WAY OUT. AS DAWN BREAKS, HE ADMITS DEFEAT. THE ONLY OPENING APPARENTLY IN HIS PRISON

15—

THAT WINDOW! PROBABLY GROUND LEVEL. I COULD PILE UP CRATES AND REACH IT, BUT IT'S TOO SMALL TO SQUEEZE THROUGH.



SUDDENLY SOMETHING SMASHES THROUGH THE PANE.



THAT SCREAM! MELBA! AND THIS—A PINCH BAR!! SHE THREW IT! SHE'S NOT A DOUBLE-CROSSER! NOW TO PRY THE DOOR OPEN AND RESCUE HER!



TEN MINUTES LATER.

IT'S NO USE! THE BAR IS TOO LIGHT FOR THAT HEAVY DOOR! BUT MELBA THREW ME THE BAR FOR A PURPOSE... HM-M-M... THOSE CRATES IN THE CORNER—ONLY ONES I HAVEN'T MOVED... MAYBE ?!

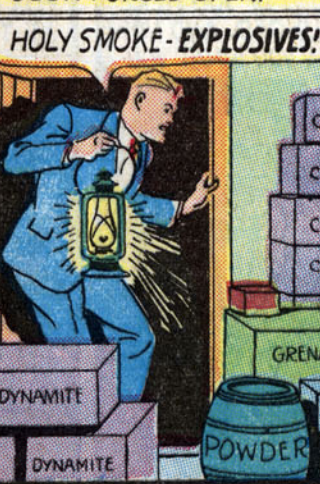


BARRELS AND CRATES ARE DESPERATELY HURLED ASIDE—



A DOOR!

IN NO TIME THE LOCK IS SMASHED AND THE LIGHT DOOR FORCED OPEN.



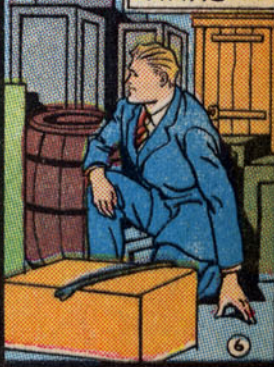
HOLY SMOKE—EXPLOSIVES!

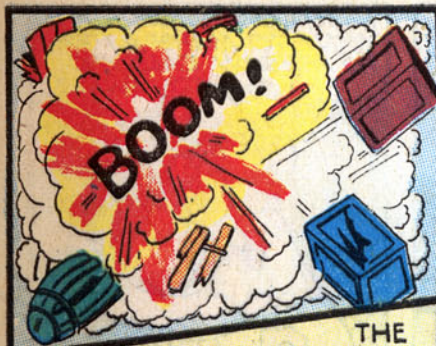
THE CHAMELEON DECIDES TO TAKE A LONG CHANCE.



THIS BOMB SHOULD DO FOR THE DOOR EASILY.

THE CHAMELEON MAKES A BARRICADE AND THEN LIGHTS THE FUSE ON HIS BOMB. CROUCHING LOW, HE GRIMLY WAITS—

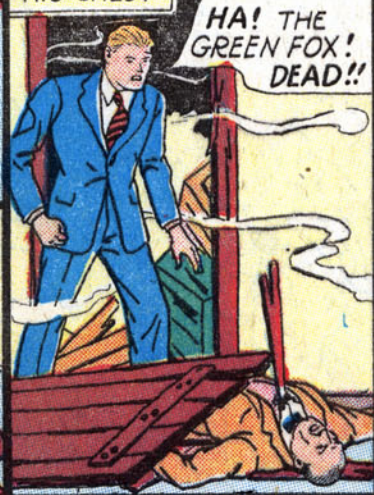




THE
CHAMELEON CRAWLS
FROM UNDER HIS SMASHED BAR-
RIER TO FIND THE DOOR DOWN
AND—

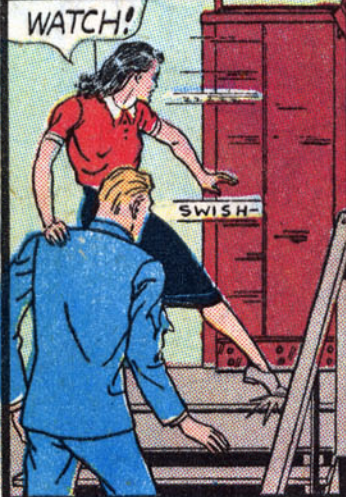


UNDER IT, HIS NECK BROKEN
AND A SPLINTER THROUGH
HIS CHEST—

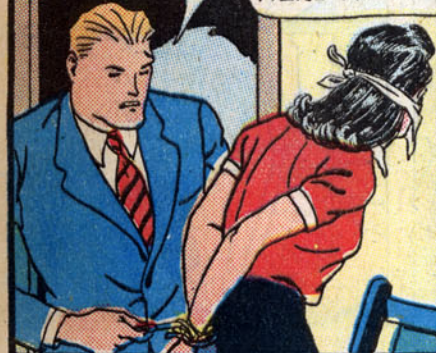


AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS
MELBA DETAINS-HIM.

WATCH!



THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE. THE
GREEN FOX IS DEAD, MELBA.
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF
HERE FAST!



THE CHAMELEON DASHES TO
THE RADIO ROOM WHERE—

TOO SLOW ON THE UP-TAKE, —
WALTER. SORRY!



I STEPPED ON THE RELEASE. ANY
ONE COMING THROUGH THAT EN-
TRANCE WOULD BE KILLED, AS YOU
WOULD HAVE BEEN HAD
YOU FOUND THE PANEL
YOU SOUGHT. HE DIS-
CONNECTED, THEN RE-
SET IT, AFTER WE
CAME DOWN THE
STAIRS...COME
WE'LL GO THIS
WAY



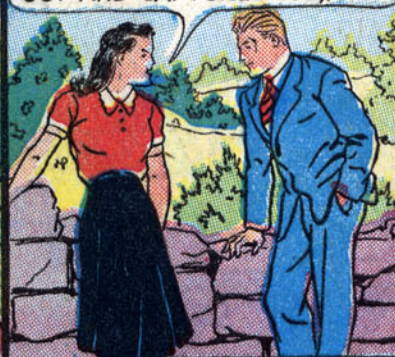
WELL AWAY FROM THE CASTLE -

MELBA, I WANT
TO THANK YOU
FOR SAVING
MY —

SH-H. ALL IN
THE GAME..I'M
AFRAID I GAVE
YOU QUITE A START
WHEN I HELD MY GUN
ON YOU. I HAD TO BECAUSE—



BY AN ELECTRICAL DEVICE, THE
FOX KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPEN-
ING IN THE ROOM. I, BEHIND
THE FIRST SECRET PANEL, WAS
AWARE OF THIS, SO I STEPPED
OUT AND CAPTURED YOU, FIRST.



AND NOW IT'S GOOD-BYE. WE
EACH HAVE WORK TO DO. BY
THE WAY OUR MUTUAL FRIEND
NIKKI HAS TOLD ME—MUCH OF
YOU, CHAMELEON. WHEN YOU
SEE HER NEXT JUST TELL HER
THIS FOR ME—"I AGREE."

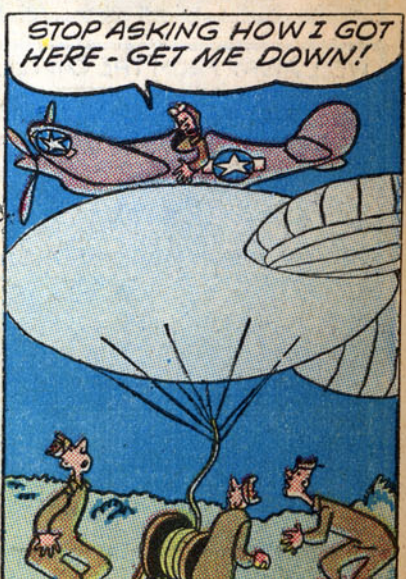
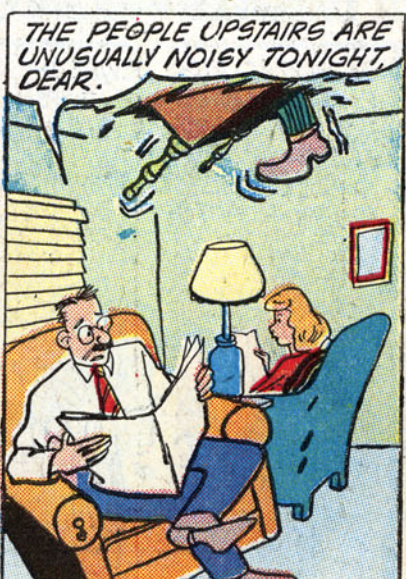
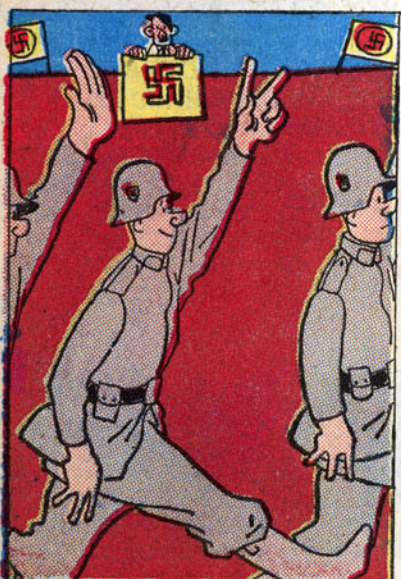
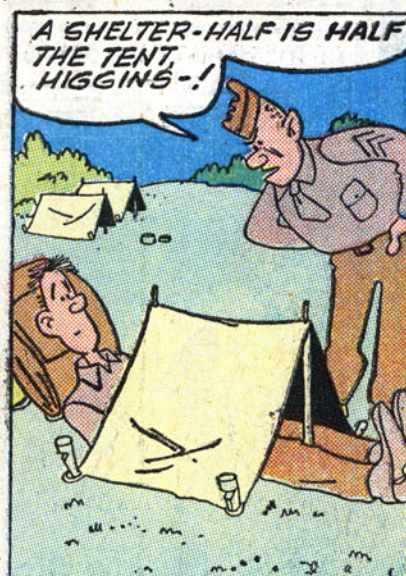
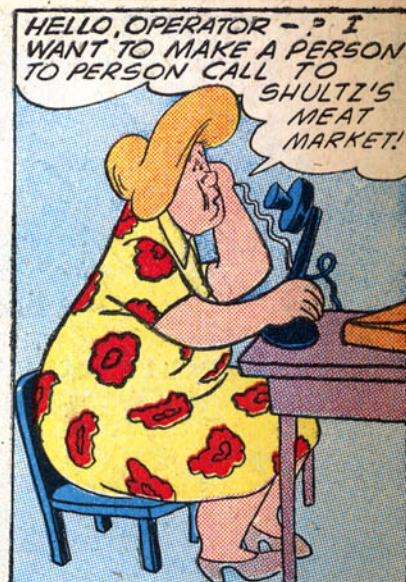
GOOD LUCK!



AND SO THEY PART-
EACH TO FURTHER EXCITING AD-
VENTURES WITH AXIS AGENTS.

HA! HA! HAW!
HA HA!
HAR! HAR!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HAR! HAR!

TARGETOONS



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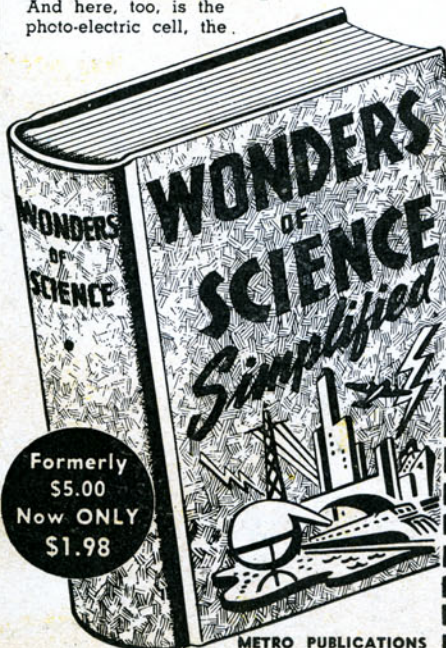
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BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK

DR. NARSTY, NASTIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, ESCAPES FROM PRISON WHERE HE IS SERVING A 100-YEAR SENTENCE!

FREE AT LAST! AND THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GET REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO PUT ME IN JAIL... **CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!**

I'LL TAKE THAT LITTLE CANNON, KID!

HOOTIN' ZOOT! STEALING A TOY FROM A BABY!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTSIE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION, ROLLO, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DR. NARSTY I WONDER WHAT HE WANTED WITH A TOY CANNON?

TOOTSEE! **BAWW!**

IN DR. NARSTY'S LABORATORY...

HEH...HEH... THIS CANNON WILL BE THE END OF CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! **HA, HO!**

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST LAUGH, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

????

POP **WHZZZZZZ**

LATER...

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION CAME TO THE RESCUE!

UGH! FLOOF! BLURPF!

HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT **TOOTSIE ROLLS** FOR ENERGY!

POPS! **THANKS, PALS!**

CURSES! I MUST FLEE! **NOT SO FAST, DR. NARSTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN!**

BOY, I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING **TOOTSIE ROLLS** REGULARLY! THEY GAVE US THE **EXTRA ENERGY** TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN!

KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE VM

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU

- A** THE RESISTANCE VITAMIN
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PLUS- IRON, THE "RED BLOOD MINERAL," CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND NIACIN.

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!

TOOTSIE VM

NO RATION POINTS AT YOUR GROCER'S

TARGET

V5:4

SEPT. 1944

COVER

CADET

8

SPECK SPOT & SIS

MILT HAMMER*

5

TARGET

RYAN/ALLISON

6

CANDID CHARLIE

B.G. GUTH*

6

DAN'L FLANNEL

SCHROTTER (S.T.)

6

BULL'S-EYE BILL

JACK HEARNE

6

CHAMBLEON

JIM WILCOX*

7

TARGETOONS

ALAN MANDEL

1